"WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE" BY CRANVILLE OSBORNE NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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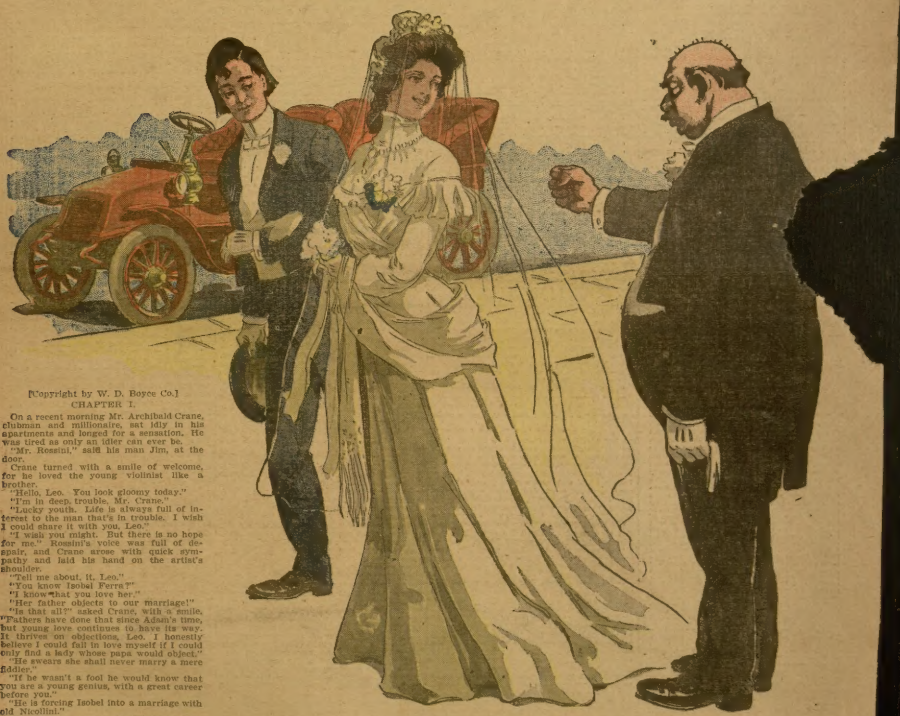
THE KIDNAPED BRIDE;

OR, BY AID OF THE PURPLE PLUNGER. BY COLONEL CLYDE HAYNES.



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CHAPTER I.

On a recent morning Mr. Archibald Crane, clubman and millionaire, sat idly in his apartments and longed for a sensation. He was tired as only an idler can ever be.

"Mr. Rossini," said his man Jim, at the door.

Crane turned with a smile of welcome, for he loved the young violinist like a brother.

"Hello, Leo. You look gloomy today."

"I'm in deep trouble, Mr. Crane."

"Lucky youth. Life is always full of interest to the man that's in trouble. I wish I could share it with you, Leo."

"I wish you might. But there is no hope for me." Rossini's voice was full of despair, and Crane arose with quick sympathy and laid his hand on the artist's shoulder.

"Tell me about it, Leo."

"You know Isobel Ferra?"

"I know that you love her."

"Her father objects to our marriage!"

"Is that all?" asked Crane, with a smile. "Fathers have done that since Adam's time, but young love continues to have its way. It thrives on objections, Leo. I honestly believe I could fall in love myself if I could only find a lady whose papa would object."

"He swears she shall never marry a mere fiddler."

"If he wasn't a fool he would know that you are a young genius, with a great career before you."

"He is forcing Isobel into a marriage with old Nicolini."

"The fat wine merchant? Why don't you go and drown Nick in a tub of his own chianti?"

"You jest with me?" The artist's eyes were full of reproach.

"I can't see any reason to be serious, Leo. If the girl loves you she's not going to be forced into a marriage. I've found out one thing about women. They always manage to have their own way."

"But you do not know Ferra, Mr. Crane. He is a terrible old man. He intimidates and overrides every member of his family. And you should not forget they are Italians. The girl is used to obedience. She has always been taught that her father has a right to dispose of her hand."

"I have read of elopements in Italy."

"But I cannot get to see the girl," said Leo, despairingly. "I have telephoned to the house; I have sent messengers; I have mailed letters that were returned unopened; I have had the door slammed insolently in my face. But for ten days I have not so much as heard a word from Isobel."

"Do you think she loves you?"

"Most women would," thought Crane, as he looked at the young musician's handsome face. He was truly a youth to be loved. Tall, slight, but as shapely as Apollo, with a noble mien and magnetic presence.

"They are keeping her prisoner, Mr. Crane," continued Leo, after a brief silence. "Don't you see how helpless I am?"

"But they can't keep her shut up forever. Is the girl of age?"

"She will be eighteen tomorrow."

"Well, take courage. I will send Jim down there with a note to her from you. I'll bet you anything you like that Jim can deliver that note. We'll steal the girl out if we have to batter down the house, and you can elope in the 'Purple Plunger.' How would you like to run away in my big automobile, Leo?"

"But look at this, Mr. Crane." The artist took a newspaper from his pocket. "The marriage license has been issued. There is no time to lose, Signor. I am told that the wedding will take place tonight."

"Phew! The case is more serious than I thought. Let's see what we can do." Crane dropped his head in thought.

"You want me to help you, Leo?" he asked at last.

"If you can. I came to ask your assistance."

"Give me double-six-blank-double-two," said Crane, turning to the telephone at his elbow.

"Hello! Is this Nicolini's? This is Archibald Crane. I want to talk to the old man. Hello, is this you, Nicolini? Well, that last chianti was a little too dry. I want you to come over a minute. No matter if you are busy. Come anyway. In ten minutes? Thank you, I'll be waiting at the house. Good-by."

"Now you go to the library," said Crane, sharply. "Go on, Leo. I will explain things after I see your hated rival. I'm playing this game myself, and you are to obey orders. If we can't stop this marriage we'll have some fun trying."

Leo was much puzzled, but he began to hope. Crane was a capable man and had unusual sources of power. If he really became interested many things might happen.

Nicolini came into the room panting. He was a decent enough fellow, perhaps, but he did not look romantic. He weighed something more than two hundred and was about five feet tall. His round head was hairless, and his round face turned purple with the least excitement or exertion. He was hardly the man to take a young girl's fancy, but he sold good Italian wines, and Crane, a director in two or three clubs, was his best customer. He was not a man that Nicolini could afford to ignore, and the matter of the wine was taken up and soon adjusted satisfactorily. After he had given another order, Crane turned casually and said:

"By the way, Nicolini, I hear you are going to get married."

"Tonight, sir." A pleased smile spread over the wine dealer's moon-like face.

"Tonight, you rascal? And who is the lucky lady?"

"A young Italian woman that you probably never heard of, Mr. Crane. Her name

is Isobel Ferra. She has been called the most beautiful girl in the Italian quarter."

"What?" cried the clubman, feigning astonishment. "I thought she was to be married to Rossini, the young violin player."

"Oh, there was some nonsense of that sort, but it is all broken off. A mere boy-and-girl affair." Nicollini waved his hand as though brushing aside some trifling obstacle.

"I am afraid your countrywomen are fickle. I certainly heard that Rossini was devoted to her. You are lucky to win her away from such a handsome rival."

Nicollini blushed at this praise, but modestly remained silent.

"When I heard about it I thought it must certainly be a mistake," continued Crane. "I haven't had any cards, and I didn't think you'd get married without inviting me, Nicollini."

"There are no invitations. It's to be a very quiet affair."

"But I should like to see you married," protested Crane. "If there isn't to be a crowd it will be all the nicer."

"I would be glad to have you come—but—er—the family—" the wine merchant, very much embarrassed, seemed unable to continue.

"Oh, they needn't mind me," said Crane, affecting to misunderstand the other's hesitation. "I have never seen an Italian wedding, you know, and I've quite set my heart upon it. I'll just drop around with a friend and see the ceremony and offer you congratulations. We'll do that, Nicollini."

Poor Nicollini was obliged to give up in the end, not daring to offend so good a customer as Crane. But he began to explain that the young lady was very timid and would not want to be noticed.

"She's been brought up in the strictest seclusion," he said; "you know it is a very trying thing for a young girl. Mr. Crane, but if you pay no attention to her it will be all right. Certainly you may come and bring your friend."

"Thank you, Nicollini. At what hour will the ceremony take place?"

"At 8 o'clock. I'll drop around there this afternoon and let them know you are coming, and perhaps I'd better give you a card to present at the door. Let's see, who is your friend?"

"Mr. William DeMuth, of New York," said Crane promptly.

The wine dealer took one of his business cards and wrote:

"Admit Archibald Crane and Mr. DeMuth, of New York."

Having signed this, he gave it to Crane with a gesture of departure.

"That is right, Leo," said Crane, having pocketed the disconsolate young man. "He is set for tonight."

Leo the card.

"Yes."

"Good. I had to press him pretty hard to get it to me at last. He is afraid that the family may object at the last minute."

"It is Mr. William DeMuth?"

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I have not room here to explain how these tender, tiny nerves control and operate the stomach, liver, the kidneys, heart, the circulation and strains and overindulgence destroy their delicate balance. The first result is not with the nerves which give you warning—but with the nerves which enable you to rest, walk, to talk, to think, to see. But the INSIDE nerves, the automatic power nerves—these are the nerves that work without ceasing—and worry breaks down.

I have not room here to explain how these tender, tiny nerves control and operate the stomach, liver, the kidneys, heart, the circulation and strains and overindulgence destroy their delicate balance. The first result is not sympathy, weakness in one center is conveyed to each of the other centers. Here the nerve bond or sympathy produces the outward signs of nervousness—the first should warn of the trouble within. I have not room to explain how these nerves may be strengthened and nourished and vitalized and made well by a remedy I spent three years in finding—and now known by druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I have not room to tell you of the cures, I have not room to tell you of the testimonials and proofs of cures, I have not room to tell you of the sleeplessness, irritability. All of these things are fully explained in the book I will send you when you write.

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"You are very dull, Leo," Crane smiled enigmatically.

"You don't mean that I am to go? But they know me. They would never let me in. Oh, that plan is quite hopeless, Mr. Crane."

Crane looked at the clock thoughtfully. "I wonder," he said, "if Montgomery Stone is not having breakfast to-night at the Annex."

"Are you thinking of Stone, the actor?"

"Yes; let's go see him." He touched the bell, and Jim came in on the moment.

"Jim, bring the hat box," said Crane, "We will want you."

Jim Angel was the safest and most reckless of chauffeurs. He was a young Irishman who had been a cab driver and he knew every street in Chicago and every road into the suburbs. He was daring in the extreme, and would drive the big French machine at the wildest speed. But he had never met with an accident. His sallary was high, and his encouragement and his knowledge of the world made him a most unsurpassed. Crane treated him as a friend and Jim looked upon his master as a young clubman in a crisis.

At the Annex, as they had anticipated, Crane and Leo found the actor at breakfast.

"Montgomery, will you do us a favor?" "We're in desperate need."

"Leo is in love—"

"Oh, Crane!" Montgomery interrupted. "But a stern parent and a crafty rival are stealing his sweetheart."

"Ah, I don't want to hear old such things—off the stage," said the actor, dryly.

"I think Mr. Crane has many things in real life that might seem absurd on the stage, Monty. Anyway, the marriage is set for tonight, and Leo must be rescued."

"Are you going to call the police?"

"Montgomery, will you do us a favor?"

"We're out there, Monty."

"Leo is in love—"

"Oh, Crane!" Montgomery interrupted. "But a stern parent and a crafty rival are stealing his sweetheart."

"Ah, I don't want to hear old such things—off the stage," said the actor, dryly.

"I think Mr. Crane has many things in real life that might seem absurd on the stage, Monty. Anyway, the marriage is set for tonight, and Leo must be rescued."

"Are you going to call the police?"

"Montgomery, will you do us a favor?"

"We're out there, Monty."

"Leo is in love—"

"Leo, you've changed to DeMuth."

"And you expect me to be the magician?" "You are the best make-up man in America."

"Perhaps; but this is not easy. These stories of lightning changes are generally all nonsense. An ordinary false beard, or a wig, or a plain frock half a block away. However, we'll see what can be done. I'm fast, I'll undertake to disguise Leo. His own mother won't know him when I get through with him."

"Thanks, old man. We knew you could do it."

"And then I suppose you two will go and carry off this bride from the very altar?"

"We can't tell what we'll do till we get there," said Crane, gravely. "I'm afraid it isn't so easy to carry off a young girl in real life. But we'll be there and do what we can."

"I wish I could be with you," said the actor, enviously. "If you can stretch your invitation to three gentlemen I'll get dressed and study on tonight and go with you. But you make your bow. It can't be done. I'm so tired of melodrama," concluded the actor, with a sigh. "I'd like to play a piece that was the comedy of real life now and then."

"Life is a tragedy sometimes," suggested Leo. "It was a tragic enough to me this morning. But now I begin to have hope. I can never thank you and Mr. Crane sufficiently."

"It is all nonsense to talk about thanks, so far as I'm concerned," said Crane, "in the event like this is a real blessing to me. I was dying of emptiness at the club, and I'm now the day and the night will be full of excitement, with perhaps a spice of danger. Wish I had such a chance to get me up for an elopement every day in the year. We'll leave Monty to study his part and get dressed while we make our preparations for the onslaught upon Castle Ferra this evening."

"If Leo will come to the theater at the theater at 6 o'clock I'll dress him for his part," said Montgomery Stone.

"I'll be there," said Leo, promptly. The young actor looked at him with gloomy look, and was full of eagerness at the prospect of effective action.

"I don't precisely understand the plan," he confessed to Crane, when they were in the automobile again, rolling swiftly through the streets.

"Everything hinges on the girl," said Crane, thoughtfully. "Can you trust her?"

Leo answered by the fact that she loves you and is anxious to be rescued from an unwilling marriage. Sometimes you make us overestimate their own powers of attraction."

"If Isobel does not love me, I do not want to live," said Leo, sadly. "But I will stake my life on her faithfulness."

"We'll be in a ridiculous position of we go down there and find she's changed her mind or goes back on us," said Crane, laughing. "Suppose she should say, 'La, me! Mr. Leo, I was just fooling with you. I didn't know you would take it so in heart.'"

Leo's face paled visibly at these words, and Crane tapped him on the shoulder with a hearty laugh.

"Don't look so troubled. "Can't you see I'm only teasing you? As for the plan, we'll have to be governed somewhat by circumstances. I suggest, though, that you make arrangements to leave home for a few days, and it might be well for you to have a suit-case along, with some extra clothes. You say Isobel will be eighteen tomorrow. If we can get her out of their clutches tonight we'll make for Wisconsin and have a little wedding of our own tomorrow."

Leo was left at his own rooms to make such preparations as might seem necessary, and Crane returned home.

"I want you to have the Purple Plunger in good condition by tonight, Jim."

"She's always ready, sir," replied the chauffeur.

"I know, but this will be an important thing, Jim. We may want to run off with Leo's girl, and it wouldn't do to have a breakdown. Have plenty of gasoline in the tank."

"I'll be ready," said Jim.

CHAPTER II.

Meantime, poor old Nicollini, all unconscious of these plots against him, went back to his store. He was puzzled at Crane's desire and somewhat worried because he had given the clubman an invitation to the wedding. He expected his coming father-in-law would object to the presence of these strangers, but he had promised and he couldn't back out.

Ferra was at the store, waiting to see Nicollini when he returned.

"How's Isobel?" asked Nicollini. "I haven't seen her for two or three days. Is everything all right?"

"Oh, yes; everything is as right as can be. She girl is a little droopy, but that's natural."

"You don't think she's grieving about Leo?" he asked, rather cautiously.

"It wouldn't do her any good to grieve about him, when she's going to marry you tonight, would it?" said Tony evasively.

"Oh, of course not; I was just wondering about it. You hardly said two words to her about this marriage. I've left it all to you."

"Yes, I left after it," said Tony, grimly.

"Who will be there—tonight?"

"Just the family, and the two boys from the store."

"I've invited a couple of friends," suggested Nicollini, cautiously, for he was afraid of a storm.

"Up in the seven hills of Rome, what did you do that for? Who are they?"

"Do you know Archibald Crane?"

"Yes, I've heard of him."

"Well, he wanted to come, with a friend of his from New York. He felt hurt because I didn't ask him," said Nicollini, with a little more boldness; "and as he insisted on coming I couldn't very well refuse. You know his custom directly and indirectly, is worth about a year to me, and I didn't dare to offend him."

"Such things are necessary," said Tony. "They won't remain after the ceremony. I suppose I can ask a friend to my own wedding, can't I?"

"It's a funny thing," muttered Tony. "Isobel wanted to have Leo here, and I helped. Though for my part I think the quieter a wedding is, the better. It's no time for display and show with nonsense. They ought to be thankful enough to get husbands at all."

Tony Ferra lived in a two-story brick house, on a quiet street. The residence itself was the property of the man. It was square and solid and stood on a level with the street. There was no fence in front, no lawn, no shrubbery—just a plain concrete walk leading from the front door to the sidewalk.

Old Tony was a well-to-do fruit dealer, and ruled his business, as he ruled his household with an iron hand. He never conceived the possibility of being wrong himself and had not in the last thirty-four years of married life Mrs. Ferra had ever once opposed Tony's wishes or allowed herself to rebel against his domineering spirit.

Tony said his daughter should never marry a musician, therefore Isobel was told to forget the young musician. Tony said the way to cure a lovesick girl was to find her suitable husband; therefore Isobel was told to consider Nicollini her future partner.

Isobel went to her mother in tears.

"I can't abide old Nicollini," she declared. "I hate him! I tell you I will not! I will never marry!"

"Your mother knows what is best. We must do as he says," sighed Mrs. Ferra. The meek woman was unable to protect the girl in this crisis of her fate.

Isobel made up her mind to run away. But, unfortunately, Tony met her in the hall and she was sent back to her own room in disgrace and thereafter kept almost under surveillance in preparations for the wedding went merrily on.

The girl, inexperienced girl to break her lifelong habit of obedience and set herself against her own household. It was a terrible struggle, and one in which that can do it, even in the matter of marriage. Sometimes they succeed, but the fact remains that hundreds of girls every year allow themselves to be persuaded and to marry unwelcome suitors. The thing is not so uncommon, though most fathers do not go to the length of old Tony.

Isobel surrendered at first, because the danger did not seem real. She wrote a long letter to Leo, explaining that matters had made no suggestions, but she fully expected him to come and take her away.

She did not know that the letter was never mailed, but reposed safely in old Tony's pocket.

Day after day and night after night she waited and listened and watched for Leo, but at last her heart grew sick, and when the wedding day arrived without a word from her lover she was quite resigned. She was deserted and it seemed not to matter what became of her. Life seemed a cruel, overpowering force, and she had no power to struggle against it.

In a dull way she was willing, perhaps, to sacrifice her youth and beauty to her father's command. Her feelings were dead, and the one fate was the same as another. How could she know that afterward there would be a reawakening, with that fierce, wild rebellion of soul which was to be the end?

So on the eventful evening Isobel suffered them to dress her in the trailing white gown and to put the orange blossoms in her hair. She was like a girl in a dream. She took no joy in the bridal robes, and even the sight of her own pale face and vacant eyes in the mirror could not awaken her. She felt a sort of dull, impersonal pity for the reflection, as if it were some other girl.

When she swept into the parlor on her father's arm, her pallor and listlessness might easily have been attributed to a natural agitation.

How was the good old priest to know that the marriage he had been called to solemnize was an outrage against the very name of love and holy wifehood? How could the bridegroom or the hard-headed old father even dream that the girl's heart was dying within her, and that only a merciful numbness kept her from crying aloud for help? Her mother, perhaps, came nearer realizing the truth; but there was no spirit of protest left in Mrs. Ferra.

Isobel did not apparently see the two strangers, Crane and his friend, Archibald Crane and Mr. DeMuth of New York who had been invited to the ceremony. The alleged Mr. DeMuth would have arisen, but Crane laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Sit down, Leo," he whispered. "The time to act has not come. Leave it all to me."

Leo sank back with a suppressed groan, grasping the arm of his chair as though he needed some physical help to keep him in his seat. He was to the others merely a middle-aged man of fashion who had come out of curiosity to see an Italian wedding.

Nicollini, purple in the face and looking more ridiculous than ever in his evening clothes, came forward and stood with the bride.

The priest advanced, book in hand, and began to read the service.

He came to the point where the question is asked if those present know of an obstacle to the marriage, admonishing them to speak now or forever afterward hold their peace.

It was during the pause that vital question is asked, but it falls on the ears of the witnesses like a mere formula. It means nothing. Crane put a restraining hand on the dramatic interruption comes, as it came now Crane arose and stepped forward.

"I beg a thousand pardons for this interruption," he said gravely, "but I believe there is an obstacle to this marriage, and my conscience will not suffer me to keep silent."

The entire family was thrown into consternation at these words, but Crane continued in a firm voice.

"State the objection," said the priest.

"I am told that the bride is being forced into this marriage against her will."

"What is that to you?" hoarsely shouted old Ferra, springing the ever-ready Italian dagger from his breast and advancing toward Crane. The old man, beside himself with passion, had forgotten in his age and in was a lucky thing for Archibald Crane that he knew enough for such an onslaught.

He whipped a revolver from his pocket and thrust the cold muzzle against the Italian's breast.

"Stand back," he said.

"By all the saints, I will not stand this interruption! I will shoot him!" cried Nicollini, in a fury.

"Stand back," he said.

"By all the saints, I will not stand this interruption! I will shoot her will!"

"What is that to you?" he repeated.

"It is a good deal to my friend DeMuth of New York," said Crane, coolly.

All eyes were turned toward Leo as he rose from his seat, but not one person present recognized him.

Isobel, awakening from her trance-like state, sprang toward the alleged DeMuth, her eyes shining like stars.

"You come from Leo?" she asked.

"I am Leo," he answered, tearing off his wig and his grizzled whiskers.

With a glad, passionate cry Isobel held out her hands, and in an instant Leo crossed the room and took the girl in his arms.

Ferra whispered to one of his men an important message.

"Telephone for the police. Tell them there's riot and abduction and threatened murder. Quick—quick!" he said.

Nicollini was so astounded at the bold interruption that he stood motionless and helpless. Even when Leo took Isobel from his side, almost from his arms, he did not resist.

"I beg you, my children, to be at peace," said the good old priest. He was puzzled at the state of affairs, and could only fold his arms and wait patiently for the end of the tangle.

Old Ferra, having summoned the police, now maneuvered to gain time. He was quite willing to make a conviction that the man would use it if necessary. But if he could hold the disturbers till the officers came he felt that victory would be in his favor. The two men who came with threats and curses to carry off his daughter and kidnap the bride from the very altar would be summarily dealt with. They would be taken to a station house and the wedding explanations for a later time.

"Lock the outside door," he whispered to the clerk from the store who had come to the wedding. When the lad hastened out of the room he was stopped by Crane, who suspected there was a plot on foot.

Leo and Isobel, in the heaven of each other's presence, had forgotten everything else. The amazement of Nicollini and the fury of old Ferra were alike unheeded.

"Wake up, there, young people," called

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Crane. "It's time to be getting out of here."

"Will you go with me, dearest?" asked Leo.

"To the end of the world," said Isobel.

"But—but——" stammered Nicollini, "what about me? I can't stand for that, you know."

"I don't see what you can do, Nicollini," laughed Crane. "You'll have to get a lady of your own."

"This lady's mine," he bristled. "I won't have her carried away in such a high-handed and outrageous manner."

He swelled up defiantly, and his face was more purple than it had ever been seen.

"Spoken like a man," exclaimed Perra. "We'll show these strollers a thing or two before the night is done."

Thus encouraged, Nicollini turned to Leo and squared himself for a fight.

"You—manage!" said Leo, hotly; "I'll strangle you!"

"Peace, my children," admonished the priest, although there seemed little danger of a conflict, for Nicollini backed off so precipitately that he fell over a chair and by there greaning as though he had received a mortal wound.

"Come on, Leo," urged Crane.

The young musician threw his arm around Isobel and they made their way across the room toward the hall door, Crane protecting them from attack in the rear.

"We are sorry to leave so early," said Crane, in mocking tones; "but it seems there isn't going to be any wedding after all, and we might as well go. Forgive us this rude interruption, Father," he said to the priest, "but we could not do other way. As for you, Madame, be sure that your daughter is safe and will be well protected. During a shawl to throw over her shoulders.

Crane essayed to open the door, but the knob would not turn.

"It seems to be locked," he said to Isobel. "Show me how it works."

She stepped up quickly and threw back the little catch that released the bolt. But when she turned the knob the door would not yield.

"It is locked with a key," she exclaimed, despairingly.

"Let's go out through the rear," said Crane, turning about.

"Don't be in a hurry, my children," exclaimed old Perra, who had come on the parlor floor and was looking down the hall.

"The kitchen door is locked, too. I couldn't bear to see you leave before the wedding," he mocked, "but I will go you must go, you might as well be taken care of. I hear the police coming now."

"Break down the door," said Crane, hurling himself against it. But the stout oaken panels resisted well, although Leo added his weight and strength.

Then there came the clang, clang of the police wagon, and Crane, looking through the little square of glass in the door, saw a squad of bluecoats tumble out and come running to the house.

"I've got 'em locked in the hall," shouted old Tony, from a front window. "They are kidnaping my daughter and I've got a shot gun. Leave a guard at the front door and the rest of you go to the rear. I will let you in through the kitchen."

"I guess we're trapped," said Crane, with a despairing smile.

Isobel came to Leo appealingly.

"Do not let them separate us," she sobbed. The continuation of this highly interesting adventure will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. When subscribing be sure to ask for our free canvas of fancy patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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That Explained It.

The old colored man at his gate with a crutch under his arm and a boy of his color about 10 years old to the postoffice for mail and the lad had returned empty-handed.

"I don't see how dat kin be," mused the old man. "You inquired for Moses Whitbeck, did yo'?"

"Yes."

"And did de postmaster dun look or only shake he head?"

"He dun looked."

"And he said dar was no letters or papers?"

"Dat's what he said, uncle."

"Wal, I can't make it out. Did yo' call me Mose or Moses?"

"Moses, I reckon, but it might have been Mose."

"Ha, but dat 'splains it clear as mud!" exclaimed the old man. "When I hain't seadin' to de postoffice fur mail I'm Mose or Moses, but when I'm 'spectin' letters I'm Mr. Worthington Alexander Seamar, and yon dun orter know it. Yo' didn't gib my right name, an' dis co'se yo' didn't get any letters. Now, den, young man, yo' git right down dar an' sagatiate de mistake, and yo' take 'keer to furnish dat pos-master wid sich an egostistical circulashun dat he'll know who I am and order me up'dem letters or fo'teen letters writin' fur me. Shoo! When anybody expects dat a boy 16 years old has got a delinkwishun in his head he's suah to git combustricated!"

Unnecessary.

Sapleigh—Me—ah—physician told me I wequished a complete rest.

Miss Cutting—Indeed!

Sapleigh—Yaas—he even forbid me to—think, doncher know.

Miss Cutting—And did he have the nerve to—you for advice like that?

MISS PARKER'S LOST CAT.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Miss Ann Maria Parker, of Parksburg, kept a cat—one gray Thomas cat, with white feet and face, and, as Miss Parker was wont to observe, "a very amiable expression of countenance."

Miss Parker was a single lady of about forty—plump, fair and generally attractive, and in all probability would have been somebody's wife long before if there had been anybody of the male persuasion in the vicinity who had not already a wife.

But Parksburg had only three eligible men within its precincts. Peter Hooper, who had only one eye, and was doubled up like a jackknife with the rheumatism, stood first on the list. Peter was a widower, and the first Mrs. Hooper had never done anything in her life that pleased him until the day she bade him farewell and enjoined it upon him to put a silver plate on her coffin, and be sure and have a notice of her death in the Parksburg Chronicle, stating that she was a good wife, and was much lamented by all her heart-broken friends, and had been an advance-paying subscriber to the Chronicle for more than thirty years.

Peter's faith in woman was not very deep, and there seemed little likelihood that there would ever be a second Mrs. Hooper.

The second eligible man was Thomas Dunbar, and Thomas owned a farm, but that he had never been able to propose to any lady. He had made several attempts to do so, but he never succeeded in getting through with the job in one day, and the next day the courage would be gone, and so he had never been made happy.

Lastly, there was Jethro Turner, but Jethro had a mother and seven sisters to support, so there was not much chance of his taking a wife at present.

Miss Parker had always lived in Parksburg, so you will understand that her chances for getting matrimonially had been exceedingly small.

She lived alone with her cat, whose baptismal name was Dick, and was very strongly attached to the animal, which was quiet, strange, sedate for a cat, and gentle as she had.

One luckless day Dick failed to put in an appearance at dinner time. Miss Parker was strongly exercised over the remissness, but consoled herself with the thought that there were rats in her neighbor Thompson's barn, and no doubt Dick was displaying a little strategy in capturing one of them for a lunch. But when night came, and Dick was still absent, she was greatly incensed, and she could not knit on the gray stocking she was doing for the missionary society—her very worst work of the year.

Morning dawned, and Dick came not.

Miss Parker donned her bonnet and jacket, and went round to all the neighbors' barns and called him, and then she went to all the houses and inquired for him. But nobody had set eyes on him.

Some of the neighbors suggested that perhaps he had gone over to the Hanson place. This farm had long been managed by a tenant, and it had been for some time vacant, but only a few days before it had been purchased by a man who had moved in there, and Payson had already taken possession.

Across lots Miss Parker went at the top of her speed, and arrived at last within sight of the Payson domicile.

A tramp was in the act of entrance from the house, and on the banks of this river Miss Parker espied a portly gentleman, walking up and down, who had on his head what was a cane in the other.

And, with one hand, he waved a very far off and plaintive "me-ye-ow!" was wafted to her ears.

"It is Dick's cry!" she exclaimed, frantically, "and he's in that bag! And that dreadful man is drowning him! Oh, horrible!"

Maddened by the thought, she leaped forward, and reaching the "old, wretch's" side, she made a dash at the bag. But Payson stood on the very edge of the river bank, ten or fifteen feet above the water, and the footing was treacherous. She slipped, a stone gave way under his foot, and he went over, bag and all. But luckily for him, a fallen tree between him and the water, and a projecting broken branch caught in the strap of the bag, prevented his going with the wind, and held him suspended over the flood.

Everything now depended on the strength of the buckle.

Miss Parker's blood ran cold.

"Don't, for Heaven's sake, let go of the bag!" cried she. "Hold on to it, and I'll stick to you!"

"Yes, but how in thunder am I to git myself onthitched?" cried the old man; "and what in the dickens is the matter with you? What in the dickens?—that's the question! Drat the cat! I wish he had been in—Halifax before I'd ever seen the critter, ma'am."

"Don't drop the bag!" cried Miss Parker; "only hold on a minute longer, and I'll save you both!"

The woman was a heroine in her small way. She had spied a hooked stick, and, creeping out on the body of the tree, she reached down the hook and inserted it in the mouth of the bag, very gently and carefully. Dick and the bag and the ballast of conglomerate rock descended with a splash, but, alas! Miss Parker's foot slipped, through some mismanagement, and she would have gone down with them, had she not caught by the old gentlemen's very stocky legs and held on.

"Gracious Peter!" cried the luckless old man, "them straps and buckles'll bust up now for certain! Let go my legs, woman! You're pulling my j'ints clean apart!"

But Miss Parker kept her hold, and her companion waxed angry and kicked. That kick was fatal! There was a sound of tearing cloth, and tailor's truck going to ruin generally, and the next moment the unlucky pair were floundering in the water. Fortunately, the river was not deep, and they only got a very thorough wetting. Both crept ashore, looking very limp and very much subdued.

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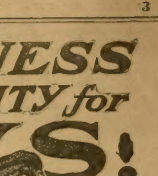

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Miss Parker opened the bag and secured her cat.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the old gentleman, "for what I was going to do to your cat. I supposed he was a stray one, and he ate ten of my choicest chickens. My name is Payson, ma'am."

"And mine is Parker," said the lady, blushing, and beginning to notice that Mr. Payson was not much above forty, and a very nice-looking man.

"Miss or Mrs.?" said the gentleman, insinuatingly.

"Miss," returned the lady, blushing rosier than ever.

"A very fine animal that is," said Mr. Payson, stroking Dick's back—"very fine. I really did not observe that he had such a very intelligent face."

"Very unlike expression of countenance, I think," returned Miss Parker.

"He must be heavy; let me carry him home for you!" said Mr. Payson.

"Oh, no," said Miss Parker; "I really couldn't think of it. You will take cold in your wet—wet—clothes."

But Mr. Payson laughed at the idea of wet pantaloons, and walked home with Miss Parker, though Dick wriggled out of his hands at once, and trotted behind with a very self-satisfied air, as if thoroughly conscious that he had brought it all about.

Of course, you know that Mr. Payson married Miss Parker, else I should never have written this story. Dick is very fondly cherished by them both as the means of their present connubial bliss.

Bear and Leopard Fight.

A gujar was grazing his buffaloes in the Kangra valley about sunset, when suddenly a couple of beasts in an appearance, one a monster, the other about half grown, says the Amarita Bazar Patrika. They started stalking on the buffaloes that was some way what separated from the others. He never thought that they came to kill it, so he stood low and watched their operations.

They approached from different directions. At first the buffalo made a rush at it great sport and chased them when they came too near him. All this time the big bear would now and then run up to the little one and appeared to be giving him directions how to proceed. The little one gradually drew on the buffalo toward a drop of about fifty feet. When the buffalo again made a rush at it the big bear, seeing his opportunity, made a rush from behind and over went the buffalo, breaking its neck at the bottom.

The little bear was first on the carcass and thought he was going to have a feast, but the big bear coming up gave the little one a couple of cuffs on the head and sent him away. The gujar was waiting for revenge, drove his animals home and set out in quest of them. By this time the monsters had brought and when they came some distance of the scene of the affair they heard great growling and roaring on and thought that the young bear returned for his share, instead of which they saw a large leopard and the bear at tooth and nail.

The night was such an uncommon one that they waited within striking distance, the "shikari" knowing that he could take his shot whenever he liked, as one or other animal was sure to return to the kill. After a time the leopard, feeling he was getting the worst of it, gave a huge growl, and, foxlike, seemed to stumble as if dead. The bear sniffed at his enemy long and lovingly, and after giving him a few more blows with his paws, proceeded to enjoy the repast from which he had been disturbed. Before the bear could recover from their astonishment the leopard was up and on the bear's back, when, taking him at a disadvantage, he soon turned him over and had him by the throat. Then there was a regular rough and tumble for some minutes, but the bear could not free himself from the leopard, who clung like a leech to his throat, sucking away his life blood.

At last the bear fell dead, and as the leopard rose the "shikari" gave him a bullet behind the shoulder, rolling him over dead. Then arose a dispute, as the "shikari" claimed both skins, with a view to the government reward of 8 rupees for each, 16 rupees in all. So it was finally agreed that they should return to the village, the gujar set a friend to work to the night, so when they returned at daybreak the skins were there, but they had been carefully skinned. The gujar and "shikari" at once went away and filed civil suits against each other, and this weighty case is now in court.

Latest

La Monti—What has become of Larkins? Last time I heard of his he was in New York.

La Moyne—Why, the poor fellow is under the ground.

La Monte—Dead?

La Moyne—No, motorman on a subway train.

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By J. Breckenridge Ellis.

BACK FROM THE DEAD;

Or, The Birthmark of Blood.

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"You go to the mill in the morning," said Ellen, "and get yourself dressed. And about 9 o'clock go to the postoffice and stay there till I come. Now I must run back before mamma sees me. Tell your mamma to keep mum—but I know she wouldn't dare tell my mamma that she has let you off from the mill!" She laughed at him in the friendliest way, and ran home. Howard sat down very softly, as if afraid of disturbing his sensations. They were so delightful. Yet he could not understand why she treated him so, after years of avoidance. Her very kindness came with a touch of bitterness. Why had she not always been kind? And he found himself wondering if this hapy change would continue. Alas! who can touch wise enough to discover a human happiness without its throb of pain?

"Now let's walk along slowly," said Ellen when at nine the next morning she met Howard before the postoffice. "I will explain as we go along."

"Oh, yes," said Howard. "I love to walk slow, since you."

"Not unless I have to," said Ellen, who was dressed all in blue, and who caused the men to turn and look after her. She was as bright and fresh and full of health. And Howard was happy to be walking with Basil Quintero! And she looked into his eyes, and smiled at him just as she looked and smiled at Basil, the darling. Whereupon Howard's breast swelled with pride. The time might come when she would look upon him in just the same way; for what human happiness, be it ever so firmly founded and gaily decorated, that was at first not some unfinished room?

I am going to spend the day with the Oliver girls," Ellen explained. "Mrs. Oliver goes to Kansas City with Mr. Oliver, who has to sail up there. So we will be alone. That explains the adventure. Mamma's adventure was a carriage ride for the day. But that isn't a secret. There's a secret in the air."

"Secret, Howard.

"What matter?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, nonsense," said Ellen, laughing. "I said there's a secret. The postoffice is full of it. Their father has gone to mamma. And there's a thousand dollars in it. And the taxes haven't been paid for years. It belongs to a Mr. Weston Allen, it seems. Have you ever heard of it? It belongs to mamma, somehow, and the question was, Did mamma want the little her own name, and would she pay the taxes? The farm had been overlooked, I believe, for a decade. It had cost a thousand dollars. It's twenty miles from the nearest railroad station—isn't that a curious name?—and from the nearest railroad. And, oh! it is all woods, wild and rough, with great streams and rivers somewhere in its depths, they say. The cave is only a rumor, because nobody ever goes there."

"Isn't it grand!" cried Howard.

"I knew you would feel that way!" exclaimed Ellen, her gray eyes flashing into his very brown orbs. "And I ran over to a neighbor who once lived in Missouri and got him to tell about the life there—the wonderful game, and other wonderful things. And they live in one-room huts, sometimes nine in the same room, with no windows for the light to get in and air. Then I talked to the Oliver girls, and we decided to try a day of south Missouri. So we are going to the woods today with our lunch and live wild, and be happy."

"And you are taking me?" cried Howard, blushing with delight. "Oh, Lellen!"

"Yes," said Ellen coolly. "We had to have some boy along."

The Sunbeam darkened. Ellen looked at him judicially and concluded that perhaps he could stand a little more happiness. "Sunbeam, I couldn't trust any one but you," she said gently.

"Oh, Lellen," said Howard impetuously, "why have you treated me—why don't you treat me this way all the time?"

"We can't go to South Missouri every day," said Ellen, demurely.

"But you know what I mean. You never do for me like this—you are so cold as to indifferent, Lellen?"

"But I don't know what you mean," said Ellen carelessly. "Notice you? I notice that you are always first in our classes. You know how busy I am kept, with music and music, and going to church, and calling on the girls—there is never a minute for anything. Now we're taking up Missouri, but south Missouri and Ozarks this day."

"And go barefooted?" exclaimed Howard.

Ellen smiled sedately. "We are too old," she said. But, as it proved, they were not too old to find a wade into the cool water. They built a campfire, they roasted potatoes in the ashes, they ate lunch, which she struck her hand so severely that the blood flowed. Ellen cried out in pain. Howard fainted.

Ellen almost forgot her anguish at sight of the deathlike form. The Olivers ran to the brook for water. Ellen, the strongest woman bent over the proprietary lord. His head was turning low, Ellen insisted, as a semi-civilized woman with hypochondria and fear, and with a piece of licorice in which she had nibbled did duty as "long green," to take her turn with the "ax." They were a dull hatchet, with

ing upon her face—the light of her faraway childhood.

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen!" the man cried out, extending his arms toward her and as suddenly dropping them to his side. He turned away abruptly, and his eyes fell upon Jennie Felton's grave. He burst into violent sobs and his thin hands covered his face. He sank upon his knees beside the mound.

Ellen came to him fearlessly, and knelt by his side. "You loved her," she said softly. "That is why you love me." She thought him one of her mother's rejected suitors, and this accounted to him for seeing together. "I, too, have loved," she whispered.

His sobs ceased, and when he removed his hand she saw that his eyes were dry. "No one loved her like you and I," he said, "no one! How fitting that we should kneel here together! But you must know my name, for I am to live in Elbertown henceforth."

"Oh, what glad news!" Ellen exclaimed. "My mother's old friend will be the best friend I can have in the world. What a sweet happiness has come to me beside my mother's grave! Yet I feel that I need no name for you but the one you taught me many years ago. Man-Who-Loves-Me, what do people call you?"

He looked at her with that luminous glow in the brown eyes which had first startled and thrilled her. They rose and he said, as if controlling himself with effort: "I am Mr. West. I have bought the Quitman cottage, next to Basil Quitcron's new house. It was the home of the Glens. Ellen, permit an old—friend of your mother to ask you if—" He hesitated.

"I permit you," she said Ellen, smiling. "I feel that I shall tell you everything. I shall come to you for advice if I fall into troubles, if I have any; I suppose every one has troubles. How splendid for you to live next door to Basil Quitcron!" she stopped with a smile, but without a blush.

"Ellen, are you sure of—do you feel that this marriage is for the best?"

"I think it is, Man-Who-Loves-Me. My mother wished it with all her heart."

"Ah! did she? Then it must be for your happiness, indeed. That removes any doubt—pardon me—I may have felt."

She looked at him gravely. "I cannot feel as a stranger to you, after all inquiries," she said. "It is strange, but I seem drawn toward you more than you toward me. I could not be reserved with you as you are with me, Man-Who-Loves-Me. I wonder what there is about you to force my friendship, and what there is about me to make you afraid?" She smiled at him, but her voice trembled with some reproach. "Already I feel that I have a right to you. Do you not wish it to be so?"

For awhile the man did not answer. A struggle seemed to be going on within his breast. When he spoke, his voice was calm. "That is the only thing in life I wish for now, Ellen Felton." To this man she was Ellen Allen; every time he called her other-wise he seemed to be making some recompense for the past. "I seem diffident, it is my nature, not my desire. In thinking of me remember what I say now, you with your many interests in life have still a friendship to spare me, for which I thank God. But I have no other interest in life but you—you, Ellen. All ties of blood are severed, all friends are dead. You alone, of all my past, remain. May you find all the happiness your mother lost. I said you, of all my past, remain. Mary you find all the not all the truth. My secret remains. For I have a secret. I ask you, in your mother's name, to bow head to what I am about to say: yes, in her name. I feel I have a right to ask it. Never let one's conscience that you ever heard of me. Has Basil mentioned me to you?"

Ellen shook her head. She felt suddenly chilled.

"I thought not. If we should meet, let it appear as a first meeting."

"If we should meet?" interrupted Ellen. "But we shall meet every day when we are —when I am—"

Weston Alles shook his head. "If we meet it will certainly be seldom," he said decidedly.

"Then you do not care for my friendship?" she reproached him, the tears in her eyes.

"It is all I want, Ellen—all in this life. But the only way I can serve you is by being, in appearance, a stranger."

"To serve me? How am I to be served? Do you not know, Man-Who-Loves-Me, that I shall ever need you?"

"Indeed, I hope you will never need me, Ellen. For though your need would be very sweet to me, it would mean your unhappiness. But you might need me, some time. One never knows what will happen—but we. You might need me. I feel that you might. Then I can help you. No one will think of me, for I will be thought a stranger."

Ellen grew pale. "I cannot understand what you are revealing to me. Do you know of any danger to me? Have you heard of anything from—about anything?"

"I have heard nothing. I mean nothing. I told you I have a secret. It is on my account that I ask you to seem a stranger to me."

"I thought I had found a friend!" murmured Ellen. A look of pain came into her troubled gaze. "Forgive me!" she cried. "I promise, I was selfish to think only of myself. Of course I would do all of you, but it seems very strange. But I shall know you are my friend, Man-Who-Loves-Me, even though we never speak again."

He impulsively stretched out his hand, and she placed her own within it. He lifted her hand and pressed it to his cheek. "Good-by, Ellen," he said, turning abruptly, left her standing alone beside her mother's grave.

The Monday of that December passed into night as the Monday of other Decembers had passed. Tuesday and Wednesday sped by, but each hour seemed cruelly slow to Basil Quitcron. He lived two lives in these days. To the world, and especially to Ellen, he was grave, cold, correct. Inwardly he was consumed by fierce desire. And to it he must be was obliged to veil his real self. What extent his passion beat against restraints. All the hopes of his manhood, even of his schooldays, were upon the eve of realization, and as the day drew steadily within sight, his impatience became almost madness. Had Ellen returned his love, had she met him with looks of affection, had he dared to offer her little tokens of endearment, his impetuous nature would have been appeased. But ever fearful of offending her, and ever fearful of Howard's sudden return, he was obliged for the first time in his life to hide his real feelings from the world. As he stood beside her in the church and pledged his vow, he appeared as a statue to the hundreds of spectators.

Even when Ellen was pronounced his wife, his mien was impassive. But when they entered the carriage to be driven to a distant town in order to take the train for their honeymoon, he trembled as with a sudden realization of his happiness. The horses bounded forward, and Basil, insensible to the farewells called from the churchyard, suddenly turned and took Ellen in his arms. He strained her to his breast. "Now you are mine!" he panted.

"Basil!" cried Ellen in terror. "Let me go. You hurt me. Basil—Basil! remember our conditions. Remember I cannot—I never can—that you will not expect me—to—care for you in that way."

"But you are mine!" he cried, and he would have drawn her closer had that been possible. "And you shall love me. I'll teach you the meaning of love. There is no one between us now—no Howard Glen—no one—no one, man or devil!"

CHAPTER IV.

It was an afternoon in early spring. In the woods stood a man, an ax in his hand. At his feet lay a scattered heap of chips,

The stranger at the grave.

and before him the tree from which they had been cut. Upon a stump, not far away, perched a lad of nine or ten, watching the woodman.

"You want to look out now," cried the boy warningly, "she's about to keel over!" The man stared at the ax, at the tree, at the boy. It was as if he had wakened from a dream, and found himself in a strange land. He did not know where he was, or who had scattered the chips at his feet. He knew not that he was Howard Glen. For a few moments he believed himself dreaming. He stood leaning upon the ax, while the air trembled with the songs of innumerable birds, and the cries of myriad insects. Here and there openings had been made in the dense growth by the felling of trees, and the spots were marked in gold by the sun. At some distance a team stood fastened to a tree, a clumsy wagon-bed was awaiting its load of wood. Howard scrutinized the horses. They were not those he worked upon his farm; he did not know them.

With the passing of the moments, his mind slowly struggled lethargic. Dull amazement gave place to quickened terror. Where was he? What had happened? There had been a wreck—he had left his couch to offer his assistance. He must have lost his way from the train. He could not be left—he must reach St. Joseph and return to the scene of the wreck.

"What's the matter, Weston?" asked the boy. "Air you sick?"

Howard stared at the boy and trembled. "Why do you call me that?" he demanded. "Where is the train?"

"You want to look out," said the boy. "You're sick, and ga says he's knowed a man to cut down trees all his life, till one day he does it when he's sick, an' then the tree falls on him an' kills him. I wouldn't whack another whack, 'f I was you!"

Howard looked at the ax, wondering where he found it. The boy evidently believed it was he who had been cutting down the tree! "Which way is the railroad track?" he asked, throwing down the ax.

"Say, Weston," said the boy, patronizingly, as he descended from the stump, "better let me take you to yore house—you're sick. I've been watchin' you fur more'n half an hour, an' you've growed cur'user an' cur'user."

Suddenly Howard stared up at the sun. It was at least three hours high. The last time he had seen it was near sunset. A perspiration started to his brow. He put his hand to his head and staggered. "Yes," he said, "I feel dizzy—I feel—I thought it later."

"Here, you lean on me," said the boy. "Good thing pa let me stay all night with you, I expect, don't you? Ef you git bad I kin ride old Pete after ma. She knows herbs as well as of she'd made 'em."

Suddenly Howard became aware of the coarse blue shirt, the well-worn homemade trousers and the thick, heavy boots in which he was attired. He would have sunk to the ground if the boy had not come to his support. He was too dazed to arrive at any conclusion, but his instinct warned him to conceal his amazement from his young companion. Presently he regained control of his physical forces, but pretended to need the lad's help. This was because he knew

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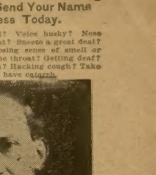

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[illegible] is needs in addition to schools [illegible] pools.

[illegible] late girl never wastes her time [illegible] the dark.

[illegible] times happens that a woman loves [illegible] man tenderly.

Some people wouldn't object if the deadly cigarette were a little more so.

The father works to pile up a fortune and the son plays at piling it down.

Before accepting the inevitable the wise man sees that it is properly identified.

If you are looking for a good man it's a pretty safe plan to pick out an ugly one.

As usual, Kuropatkin's retreat was just a part of his general scheme of campaign.

Dowie's healing apparatus does not appear to work very well on a long-distance line.

This is the time of year when the weather report is ambitious to rank as yellow literature.

Girls who indulge in promiscuous kissing aren't likely to catch anything—not even husbands.

As the Czar gets $50,000,000 a year he at times must feel that it is a shame to take the money.

The man who gets but one newspaper puff during his life always finds that his name has been misspelled.

Many an otherwise sensible man likes to don a uniform, stick a gaudy feather in his hat and show off in a parade.

Publicity and the waving of the big stick have done some good. Iowa corn is to be hauled to Chicago at a lower rate.

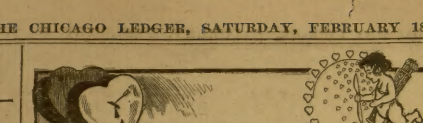
President Roosevelt finds that his studies in jiu-jitsu are of inestimable value, now that he has Congress on his hands.

Now that Mr. Rockefeller has bought up most of the railroads of the country they should run smoothly if plenty of oil will help.

Maybe the beef trust has received a crushing blow, but it does not notice that its health is so impaired but that it can still hold up the price of steaks.

Perhaps it is needless to mention that the Muskogee man who committed a murder on Friday and was sentenced to the penitentiary for life on Tuesday had no money.

Those grand dukes who think that Russia is not ready for a constitution perhaps see where the people could make a worse botch of running the country than the grand dukes have succeeded in doing.



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OR
THE MYSTERIOUS SECRET OF NO. 13.

BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD.

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CHAPTER XII.

"It is the wit, the policy of sin.
To hate those men we have abused."

Charlie and Bessie were married, and for their wedding gift Bronson wrote a check for the bride to the amount of $100,000, and sent it in the name of himself and wife. All of the friends were married now, save Cora and Hugh.

February came in that year soft and clear, and Bronson hoped the fine weather would continue, because all the days were numbered he knew that there would be a third member of his family.

One night, while the new-made bride and groom were still away on their honeymoon, Bronson did something he was averse to—he attended a big dinner and entertainment given by a political magnate, without Clarissa. However, as he was beginning to take an active interest in politics, and was advocating his father-in-law for aldermanic of the ward in which he lived, he felt it would be wise for him to go this one time at least. The nomination for aldermanic was offered him, but as long as he knew himself to be a man of business he would stay in the country, and exercised his skill in this direction. Clarissa, however, approving of his plans for her father, and desiring him to enjoy himself anyway, insisted that he go, and thus it was that Cora Templeton met him for the first time in several months. He was asked to take her down to dinner, and she succeeded in interesting him, for she was a very brilliant talker when she exerted herself.

Cora was a woman, however, who always impressed him by behavior as being too well dressed for every occasion. That evening she stood forth like some Orient queen, her garments more than becoming, and yet too striking for perfect good taste, or so Bronson decided, as he compared her gorgeousness with his wife's sweet simplicity of elegance.

This strange and very baffling woman wore a wonderful garment of purple velvet, cut immoderately low, and confined by gold in place by narrow bands of emeralds. A necklace encircled her throat, and upon her left bosom she wore a large bouquet of diamonds, fastened in her flesh in the fashion set by some rare gem. The velvet was trimmed with ermine, and such black tuft was studded by an emerald. Upon her perfect arms glittered serpents of gold, with emerald eyes in their dull gold heads, while on her bare hand she wore but one ring, a single magnificent emerald. Twining her warm, chestnut hair was a small tiara of emeralds and diamonds, completing a costume which could scarcely be equaled for elegance and costliness, and yet one which Bronson could not decide if it was called purple and green orchids.

Cora was very pleasant during dinner and talked about matters in which she was interested, showing a wonderful grasp of the political situation. That she was intelligent and brilliant, he had never doubted, but on this particular occasion she certainly astounded him by her knowledge of many things to which he had not supposed women were at all interested.

When they found themselves in the big ballroom, after the dinner, the ennui into a mimic theater, Bronson was surprised to find that Cora was by his side, and still more astonished to have her slip her hand in his arm, and say softly:

"I want your advice, to know you do not care for this nonsense. Please come to one side and let me ask your assistance."

While he did not like her personality, he regarded the woman as a friend of his wife, and so quietly allowed himself to be drawn aside into a little palm room, where for the moment they were alone; then Cora said, with a radiant smile:

"You are so kind. First, I want you to tell me what kind of jewels I have. Have I been cheated?"

Bronson glanced at them and replied, casually:

"As to that, you had better ask some jeweler expert."

"I want your opinion upon them," she pleaded.

"Well, if you regard it as worth anything, frankly I would say that they are not worth house room, with the exception of the emerald in your hair, which is fairly good, although flawed. The rest are off color, poorly cut, both emeralds and diamonds, and most of them badly flawed. However, that is just my private opinion, and not worth anything," but as he spoke, he thought of the thousands of jewels he had handled, and how he could tell almost to the dollar, by a mere glance, the true value of any jewel in the world.

Cora smiled in a peculiar manner as she replied:

"My dear Bronson, I do value your opinion in this particular, for I esteem you an expert in this line."

"You honor me," he said, flushing at her calling him by his first name, the first time she had done so to his knowledge.

"Oh, no, I consider you the best person I know to give such advice. Consider your wife's jewels."

Agatin he flushed, for he did not care to talk of his wife to her. She saw the flush, and continued:

"How do you like my sunburst?"

"I have told you my opinion of your jewels," he said, coldly.

"I mean the way I have it fastened on," she persisted, moving very close to him, and laying one cold hand upon his shirt sleeve.

Bronson drew back. "Excuse me if I tell you that I think it is in very poor taste," he said stiffly.

Cora gave a low, mirthless laugh. "So you think me immodest to wear it as I do? Pin, did some addle-pated New York society old maid notions you have imbibed, and be a real man."

The tall figure was drawn to its full height, and Bronson Livingstone said coldly:

"Will you kindly permit me to pass?"

"Not quit yet, Bronson. I have something to say to you that I want to tell you now that I am sorry for a man of your caliber tied to such a low, ill-bred woman as Clarissa. Stop. Better listen to me now. If you do not, I will say what I want to when others can hear it. It will be the worse for her and your companions. I thought that you had more sense than the thing I want to say is, that if I had met you first I would have married you instead of Clarissa. Ah, I am a woman, and know like me knows no defeat."

Bronson looked at her in amazement. She looked magnificent, drawn to her full height, in her regal garments, the spots of crimson glowing in her cheeks, and her eyes flashing fire.

"However, all that is done with. Now, I have a plan to propose, and I defy you to refuse to comply with my wishes. I love you, Bronson Livingstone. Do you know what that means to a woman like me? Ever since I first laid my eyes on you I have loved you," and she leaned a little forward.

"You disgust me," Bronson began, but she laid her hand upon his.

"Just wait. I would have made you such a wife—but that is over now. Still, it is not impossible for me to give you my love."

She raised her eyes, and he saw that in them which caused him to marvel at the depravity of the woman.

"I will give it to you, and will show you what such love as mine means. I know there is a secret in your life, a mystery which shrouds you. My perceptions are very keen. I have gathered clue by clue until I have formed a pretty thick chain, strong enough to drag you"—she paused before adding—"where you have no intention of going."

Bronson never flinched. He bent his dark eyes upon her and looked straight into the cruel, cat-like ones gleaming with malice and love which was almost hatred.

"Share that secret with me, and death itself cannot take it from me. I will do anything and everything to help you. You can command my services to the utmost. Give me a little of your heart, and I will commit any crime for you. Bronson, Bronson, can't you see how desperate a woman can become when she loves? I love you, and I will have a share in your love."

She raised her lovely arms and stretched them imploringly toward the man, who regarded her as he would some foul creature of the gutters—with more horror, even. Then he said, and every word cut like a knife:

"Miss Templeton, I must beg that you excuse me. Because you have been a guest of mine in the past, I will endeavor to forget this, but for the future I am compelled to forbid you my house. Good-evening."

And, bowing, he turned, but Cora sprang forward, clutched his hand and held in a low, intense voice:

"Don't cast me aside. Think how much I can do for you. I love you, Bronson, I love you! Have pity upon my love."

Her voice was still colder as he drew his hand from hers.

"I do not wish to be rude, but will you stand aside?" for she had been leaning against the door.

"Not until you tell me that you will not be my enemy. If it is to be war between us. Just wait, Bronson Livingstone. When your friends are in the penitentiary, your wife has deserted you, your wealth has flown, then think of this evening, and remember that Cora Templeton, the woman you can develop into a very dangerous thing. I as your companion and friend, could raise you to any height, but as your enemy I can drag you to a hell upon earth."

He listened with the utmost politeness, but replied:

"You forget that in the raising process I would become your enemy. Good-evening company. Again, good-evening. Thanks for standing aside," and, master of every nerve, the strong, handsome man walked from the room, and remained at the entertainment until late, when, before he left, he saw Cora Templeton moving about, her jewels glittering, no more of a sham than the diamonds of Clarissa, and certainly not any more flawed.

However, her conversation was not one to be dismissed easily, and he pondered over it all night, and was still thinking it over when a telegram arrived from Geoffrey came into his office.

"Anything the matter?" Geoffrey asked, for his affectionate eyes detected a shadow on the handsome face. But Bronson, not caring to alarm his friends, only said, quietly:

"I shall be very anxious now for several days," and both understood.

While they were chatting upon various matters, a telegram arrived for Bronson, who tore it open, then said in an annoyed tone of voice:

"Worthless! I won't go. I told them I couldn't leave for two weeks at least."

Geoffrey picked it up from the floor where Bronson had thrown it, and read it as easily as his chief, although it was written in a difficult cipher, known only to themselves.

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"I tell you I won't go. I wouldn't leave Clarissa just now—not for all the money in the world."

"What can we do?" Hugh asked quietly. "Drop the whole thing," Bronson said, exhibiting more ill-temper than any of them had ever seen him show since they had known him.

"Ah, now, don't do that." Geoffrey broke in. "The boys have done some fine work, and we have the pump all ready. Let me go in your place, Brad, come, now, do," and he looked like a boy pleading to go fishing.

"I can't let you take the risk," Bronson said, although he was thinking deeply.

"What risk could there be? You take the same every time. Some of us ought to have a chance. I'm pretty good with the instruments myself. Do let me go. I know I wouldn't leave Gerry alone in a hole, no matter what you might offer me, and it would be the refinement of cruelty for you to leave your wife," and he pouted out of breath.

"What shall we do, Hugh?"

"Let both of us go. I will take the pump, and we will go in the automobile. That will make four of us. Geoffrey is like greased lightning and we'll do what we will be proud of. Better let us fly alone this time, old man."

Bronson gave a deep sigh, then said slowly, beginning to pace back and forth:

"I must be resolute when we let you boys take any risks I was not in myself."

"Say, you're worse than an old one," suggested Hugh, "and then this is something exceptional."

"To be sure it is, so, old man, you have just to say yes, and I promise you that you fellows will be proud of your youngest," and he grinned cheerfully.

At last, although he felt reluctant to do so, Bronson gave his consent, and with a very heavy heart he went home, after seeing Hugh and Geoffrey set out that evening.

CHAPTER XIII.

"The end of a vicious life is most commonly a desperate death."

"Bronson's crazy," Grigsby growled, when he saw Geoffrey's youthful face instead of that of their chief.

"Let's get ware any time, but get to work. I'll touch the top notch," Geoffrey said cheerfully.

Hugh said nothing, but produced the force pump the Crimson Quintette—the name they gave themselves on account of their red masks—had been having made. He also had a package which he carried carefully, and the four went into the basement to facilitate work. With a skilful hand Geoffrey inserted chisels, and with an easy sharpness, about the vault door, until they managed to get it off.

"Hurrah!" Geoffrey whispered, "who says that I'm not proving myself a fine understudy to the finest safe cracker in the world?"

"Be quiet," Tom muttered, "or we will have the town down upon us."

"You never heard Bronson open his mouth unless he had to," Geoffrey said, in a very low voice.

Geoffrey felt annoyed. Truth to tell, he felt the need of much and frequent encouragement. He had been obliged to go off without Bronson's help on this job, and he knew that his telegram would prove a sorry substitute for his kisses. Then, this was his first big alone, and he naturally was nervous. Still, he would not for the world betray that nothing, not even his love for work, a look of dogged determination straightening the boyish curves.

All the wicked filling of the night aperture with plaster of paris, leaving a small place in the bottom. After a period of an hour, the plaster was as hard as a rock, and Grigsby wheezed:

"Good job."

Geoffrey said nothing, although it occurred to him that if he must keep his mouth shut others ought to do the same. He was beginning to realize how much they had all depended upon the nerve and strong personality of the chief.

"Next," Tom whispered.

It was not necessary to keep any watch, for the establishment was singularly safe. As there had never been a robbery of any magnitude, the people had grown careless, and not even an outside watchman was employed. The vault was in the basement, and it had been very easy to cover the windows. The plan was to blow off the door, grab the treasure, and fly by the back door before any one was able to locate the explosion.

Half a block away was the automobile, in which so many successful journeys had been made.

During the past year the Crimson Quintette had been very successful. They had robbed banks, large mercantile establishments and jewelry houses from New York to San Francisco, operating, however, largely in the smaller towns. They had added millions to their fortunes, and had never been unsuccessful. Bronson had always done the opening of the vault heretofore, and the men all felt the need of him, but none more than poor Geoffrey.

With hands which trembled, Hugh opened the package he had brought so carefully, and filled the pump with it.

"Right amount?" Tom asked.

"Correct. Fifty pounded sifted down to twenty," Geoffrey said concisely, then adjusted the tube of the pump to the small hole left at the bottom of the door. Rapidly the four now worked, drawing out the air. Suddenly Geoffrey said angrily:

"I'm blamed all the while, but, Hugh, you have made an awful mistake."

"How so?"

"Put that ---der in before we have exhausted the air. Take it out." Geoffrey grounded and without a word Hugh pasted and the work of exhausting the air with was once more commenced.

Some of the powder was lost, but Grigsby advised their going on with the affair. From the moment he discovered Hugh's mistake, however, Geoffrey had entertained no hope of success.

When the powder was all drawn in through the hole, the package was opened and carried by Hugh to the automobile. Before reached it he heard an explosion.

An instant later Grigsby wheezed past, saying excitedly in a whisper:

"Everything's right," and dashed ahead, not waiting for any more questions.

He was followed in a minute by Tom, who stopped long enough to say that the explosion was a failure, for it did not tear off the door, only bruised it, and that there it hung. He added that it had been impossible to get out any of the jewels.

"Where is Geoffrey?" Tom asked in dismay.

"Right behind me. Be ready to pick him up. I know no good would come of this," and he was off.

Hugh was, but heard no footsteps announcing Geoffrey's coming.

As poor Geoffrey and his failure, his nerve deserted him and his brain whirled. He saw his lovely wife, her face sad and wan because of uneasiness about him, and it seemed to confuse him. He knew that the others had fled, and yet he lingered.

"Oh, what a mess I have made!" he half sobbed.

Then his thoughts returned to his wife, and tears ran down his face.

"Gerry, Gerry, my darling!" he half whispered.

The vault had a tragic aspect, with the door hanging by its hinges, and yet protecting the treasure within. In mad revolt, Geoffrey caught it with both hands, and shook it furiously as though it would budge, and, staggering like a man who had been drinking heavily, swung through to the basement and stumbled into the alley. He had just walked to the street, near which his automobile awaited him, when a strong hand was laid upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. If a man would offer for love the substance of his house for love, it would be utterly contemned."

Bronson Livingstone walked up from the Illinois Central station that morning with his heart heavy with trouble. He reproached himself many times over per-mitting Geoffrey to take his place, and wondered if he could recall him and Hugh by telegram. With his mind filled with these thoughts, he mounted the steps leading to his home rather heavily, but they were dispelled by a new trouble, for no sweet face appeared to bid him welcome. For the first time in his life, he fumbled with his latch-key and entered his house without having Clarissa by his side. As his footfall was heard, a tall, gaunt, black dress and white cap and apron, who waited on the door instead of a footman, hastened to him and said gently:

"Madame is not feeling quite herself this afternoon, Mr. Livingstone will find her in her bedroom."

Bronson laid his beart contract as he asked hurriedly:

"Has the doctor been sent for?"

"Yes, sir, he has been here and gone away. He said Madame should be kept to her bed."

"Thanks," Bronson said hastily. In his misery of mind and heart he did not forget to be courteous to a servant, although he uttered the word mechanically. Then he turned, letting his overcoat and hat fall to the floor, and bounded up the broad stairway which had been the admiration of all who entered the hospitable door. It was of Flemish oak, black with age, and elaborately carved by hand. A dull crimson carpet, with a heavy velvet pile, covered the stairs, and upon it the anxious husband's footfalls left no sound, and yet the fair young wife, lying in bed, knew he was coming and raised herself upon her pillows, listening for his step.

As Bronson entered the door he had eyes for nothing but his wife, with his golden crown of shining hair, and was by Clarissa's side in an instant, holding her close to his strong young arms.

"My poor darling!" he whispered.

Clarissa's white hand stroked the thick dark hair from his brow.

"Poor old boy," she said, "to have to worry so. I know the doctor says that all will soon be over. He is coming back in an hour. You go right down and tell your dinner you will be late now as I will be feeling my old self again."

Bronson looked down upon the thin, pale face, strangely altered from the blooming, girlish one his bride had worn, and groaned in spirit. Clarissa's motherhood overpowered him. As many men before have had done, he rebelled at the hardships of the one on the shoulders of the weaker one and longed to help bear them all.

"I am perfectly happy," she whispered, kissing the soft little hands, now almost transparent.

Once more Clarissa smiled. "My dear husband," she said gently, "you have no comprehension of the help your every sympathy is to me. Without it I would not have the courage. With it I am glad to bear the many pains and discomforts, for it is for your sake and that of——" and she ended with a kiss. Then she added: "Come, dear, dress for dinner, and then go down," and like one in a daze he obeyed her.

Once seated in the dining-room, with other black-gowned, white-capped and aproned girl to attend to his wants, Bronson found that he could scarcely make made him stop. Every mouthful choked him, the food away almost until

Finally Mrs Gigi ventured to ask if anything was wrong, as she knew Mr. Livingstone fancied dinner, she said quietly.

"I can't eat," he mutter

"Madame may need a str before her. Eat to please her," Mrs Gigi suggested the girl, and fo Bronson tried hard to swallow when he heard the physician in the house, he left his seat, saying hoarsely:

"I want nothing else," and went to doctor in the hall.

Bronson would not ask the question trembling on his lips, but the man of medicine understood and said cheerfully:

"Oh, there is nothing serious. I think there will be no trouble. Just keep within call, however, and do not worry too much. No, I think you had better not see Madame Clarissa Bronson started to go up with him.

"Not now, if you please," he pleaded.

The physician smiled a little condescendingly. How many such scenes he had passed through. "Very well, then, in an hour," he said, with caution.

Bronson was now very precious to both of them, and Bronson was summoning courage to demand that he be allowed to remain in the house and suffer in common with pain, and realized that Clarissa was conscious that he was suffering, and tried to keep from distressing him; so he gladly left, although he was not ashamed of the tears he felt in his eyes as he went to the great library.

But a half-hour he was alone, then the library door opened and Mr. Wellsley entered, and never before had that genial, kind man been so welcome to his sole-in-law.

This strange story of strange characters and remarkable deeds will be continued in next week's issue of the Ledger. Please note the order of publication, and notify all subscribers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Why suffer with female diseases or piles? I will send free to every sufferer my simple vegetable cure. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 25, Redmond, Ind.

"The trump is ever before us," said the sociological student. "Who is responsible for this?"

"The comic artist," chuckled the button-

We Paid $100,000

For Liquozone, Yet We Give You a 50c. Bottle Free.

We paid $100,000 for the American rights to Liquozone; the highest price ever paid for similar rights on any scientific discovery. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, in this country and others. We cured all kinds of germ diseases with it—thousands of the most difficult cases obtainable. We proved that in germ troubles it always accomplishes what medicine cannot do. Now we ask you to try it—try it at our expense. Test it as we did; see what it does. Then you will see it always, as we do, and as millions of others do. You will use it, not only to get well, but to keep well. And it will save nearly all of your sickness.

Kills Inside Germs.

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 15 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. And it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. It is this fact that gives Liquozone its worth to humanity. And that worth is so great that we have spent over one million dollars to supply the first bottle free to each sick one we learned of.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help after overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are, and when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma	Hay Fever—Influenza
Abscess—Anæmia	Kidney Diseases
Bronchitis	La Grippe
Blood Poison	Liver Troubles
Bowel Diseases	Malaria—Neuralgia
Bowel Troubles	Many Heart Troubles
Consumption	Piles—Pneumonia
Contagion	Pleurisy—Quinsy
Colic—Croup	Rheumatism
Constipation	Scrofula
Catarrh—Cancer	Skin Diseases

Dysentery—Diarrhœa	Stomach Troubles
Dandruff—Dropsy	Throat Troubles
Dyspepsia	Tuberculosis
Eczema—Erysipelas	Tumors—Ulcers
Fevers—Gall Stones	Varicocele
Goitre—Gout	Women's Diseases
Gonorrhœa—Gleet	

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and $1

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and send to the Liquozone Company, 29 Stroud Nichols Ave., Chicago.

Name .....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

.....

.....

M308 Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

Fluttering, Palpitation, or Skipping Beats always due to a weak or diseased heart.

Shortness of Breath from going upstairs, walking, singing, sweeping, walking, etc.

Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, arm, or under shoulder blade.

Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the Eyes.

Sudden Starting in Sleep, Dreaming, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells.

Oppressed Feeling in Chest, Choking Sensation in Throat.

Pain Added to Lie on Left Side, Cold Hands and Feet.

Difficult or Asthmatic Breathing.

Dropsy.

Swelling of Feet and Ankles (one of the surest signs).

Weak, Irregular Pulse.

Sudden Deaths rarely result from other causes.

Every day you read of some one dropping dead. Statistics fully prove that one person out of every four has

A WEAK OR DISEASED HEART

Three-fourths of the persons thus afflicted are not aware of the fact, and thousands of deaths annually occur among those who have been scientifically treated for troubles of the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys and Nerves, which are simply results to be effected by Dr. Kilmer's Heart Tablets are daily curing thousands of cases in every stage of heart disease. They are worth their weight in gold to any sufferer, and a legal guarantee to cure is with every box.

FREE TREATMENT To satisfy the doubtful and convince the skeptical, I will mail a box of my Heart Tablets for prompt action is necessary where the heart is in any way affected. Enclose stamp for postage. *ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. Every sufferer should send at once, for Address, Dr. H. MAY KILMER, Box 975, Augusta, Maine.*

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED

Life Size Doll FREE

2½ FEET HIGH.

Girls, here is a Great Big Doll! We are making this offer to introduce our many dresses, both cut, put on and off, and to show you how to get your home's dress. It is the most popular doll made. Dressed in fashionable coat, pants, hat, navy shoes, brown eyes, golden curls, and beautiful black stockings well stand alone. It is an exact duplicate of a large doll sold at French Doll, beautifully printed on cloth, ready to be sewed by stuffed and the dress pattern of long and short clothes is printed. We will give this doll beautiful clothes if you as a premium for selling only four bottles of our Great Gold and Headache Tablets at 25c a box. They are sold and we want more tablets by mail postpaid. When sold send us the money $1.00 and we will send you the Life Size Doll, which is 2½ feet high and has real hair.

EXTRA PREMIUMS.

If you send us the money within one week after receiving the Tablets we will send with the doll, beautiful dress, hat, shoes and stockings for dressing doll. We take back all goods not sold. Address,

NATIONAL MEDICINE CO.
36 White Street,
Doll Dept. 38 B New York, N. Y.

MOST POPULAR DOLL MADE

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$25 PER WEEK and Traveling Expenses paid salesmen to sell goods to grocery dealers; experience unnecessary. PERRY MFG. CO., Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS—$75 per month and expenses to sell advertising signs to users and manufacturers. Address St. Louis Sign Co., St. Louis, Mo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PORTRAITS 1½c Frames 11½c
16-Page Catalog Free. Enlarge a PORTRAIT FREE.
CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT CO., 2126-30 W. Madison St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

[illegible] WEEK AND ALL EXPENSES to man with [illegible] to advertise our Poultry Foods; send stamp. [illegible] MAPES CO., Dept. H, RAVENNA, Texas

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

[illegible]—75 YEARS. We PAY CASH Weekly [illegible] MORE SALESMEN [illegible] Lansdowne, Mod. Danville, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

[illegible]TAL WILL BRING information as to what to do if sick or injured. Physician [illegible]23 Chapin Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$24 WEEKLY for man with right to introduce Royal Guaranteed Stock and Poultry Remedies. We furnish horses and furnish best of references. Dept. 103, Royal Co-Op. Med. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED! Sell our $1 bottle Sarsaparilla for 25c (best seller) 200 per cent profit, write to-day for terms and territory. W. R. GREENE, 113 Lake St., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE. Private secret service pays good money; men wanted everywhere; experience unnecessary; references required. Address Wagner's Detective Agency, Des Moines, Iowa

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WANTED 10 men in each State to distribute samples and collect for manufacturer. Salary $18.00 per week and expenses. KENDALL CO., Dept. F-8 Allis Block, CHICAGO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the [illegible] Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. [illegible] From $75 to $200 a month can be made. Write for terms. KNIFE CO., Box 24, Coldwater, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

EXTRA PAY can be earned evenings by giving Stereoscopic Views. Selected Marine Plates Exhibitions. Small capital required. Illustrated Catalog Free. Tells how to start. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$80 A MONTH SALARY And all expenses to men with rig to introduce our Guaranteed Poultry and Stock Remedies. Send for outfit; we pay expenses and furnish references. PARKER CO., 2 A 10 Campbell, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

YOU CAN MAKE $3 TO $10 A DAY

by introducing our Big pulling Offer. Big profits. Our 28-page FREE EYE HOOK Bulletin tells how. Write for it to-day.
JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE, Dept. 1209, JACKSON, MICH.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$2.00 OUTFIT FREE TO AGENTS
For Best Selling Articles and Catalog. Exp. Prepaid.
We are largest manufacturers of New Novelties in Aluminum. Goods are guaranteed to Wear 25 Years. Address
ROCHESTER NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS. If this catches the eye of a live, energetic man or woman we will start you in a business that will make you independent for life; selling STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS. Our agents are averaging making from $5 to $10 a day. Outfit [illegible] Write for full particulars and the Stereoscopic Photo Co., Griffith Griffith Bldg., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3 a Day Sure Send to your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day sure; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you how; you can work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, or forfeit $100; write to-day. Address, Box 851, Detroit, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Send for FREE GOLD WATCH

Solid GOLD CASE, guaranteed 20 YEARS, richly engraved in SOLID DESIGN, stem-wind, stem-set, fully jeweled movement, accurately timed and tested. Guaranteed 25 years. Write to-day for our big $5 handsome Watch and Chain offer. Send your address and we will send you the jewelry postpaid. When sold send us $5.00 and we will send you the watch and chain. Write to-day.
RAND MFG. CO. DEPT. L 4 CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Why He Knew.

"Do you know what day of the week and month the year 2000 comes in?" asked the man with the memorandum book.

"I do," replied the man who had been looking out of the car window with a dejected air. "It falls due on Monday, May 22."

"You must have been figuring it up."

"I have. I lost $500 on the election and I figure that it will take me to the year 2000 to pay the last installment."

She'll Give Him a Chance.

"Oh, see here!" cried the good-natured man, finally, "I'm getting tired of waiting on you in this way."

"Are you, dear? Just be patient, then, and I'll let you wait on me some other way," replied his wife.

Time to Rise.

"Look here!" exclaimed the boarder who was anxious to enter society. "Do you know anything about 5 o'clock teas?"

"A 5 o'clock tease," replied the boarder who rises early, "is an alarm clock."

Sickley—I spoke to Dr. Herb and he advised me that I should——

Dr. Sheldish (interrupting)—Oh, he gave you some idiotic advice, I don't doubt.

Sickley—He advised me to see you.

Took a Flyer.

Friend—Who won the automobile race between you and Harker?

Chauffeur—We both came in together.

Friend—Toss up, eh?

Chauffeur—Yes, I was tossed ten feet in the air.

Maudie—Why did you fire your chauffeur?

Mayme—Lost his nerve after running over three people the other day and allowed two others to escape.

Modern Journalism.

City Editor—A brute named Boggs killed a family of six persons last night.

Great Editor (grabbing up his pen)—Is he a Democrat or Republican?

Sympathy.

Mrs. Royle—I have had such a cold that I couldn't speak for three days.

Mrs. Coyle—How you must have suffered!

Mrs. Rysacre—Now these here prizefighters ain't so bad, after all, Hiram.

Mr. Rysacre—What put that into your head, Maria?

Mrs. Rysacre—Why, the paper says "Spike Hogan put 'Kid' Casey to sleep." Now wasn't that kind of him? I guess he tucked in the blankets, too.

JOKES AND

Distinct Definition.

"Paw," asked little Johnny, "what's a compromise?"

"That, my son," replied the wise father, "depends on whom it's made with. For instance, if I make a compromise with a business man I go about half-way. But if I make a compromise with your mother, why I—er—go all the way."

He'll Soon Get 'Em.

"What business is papa in, mamma?" asked little Robbie.

"Why, he's in the hardware business, my boy."

"And does he sell cockroaches, mamma?"

"Why, Robbie! What a question! Of course he doesn't!"

"Well, he's got a sign on the store window which reads, 'We sell everything to be found in the kitchen.'"

Great Help.

The Parson—Yeas, Bruddah Beazly did a great deed foh de church.

The Deacon—Huh! Did he donate much money?

The Parson—No; but he got up de idea of putting an alarm clock on de end ob de collection basket to wake up drowsy bruddahs and sistahs.

Not Guilty.

Deacon Raisem (suspiciously)—I missed two of my finest turkeys Saturday, Uncle Ebony.

Uncle Ebony (with dignity)—I didn't dine at home las' Sunday, sah. I dined wif Eldah Brick.

Real Suffering.

"We women," she was saying again, "suffer in silence."

"I can readily believe that you do suffer in silence," the man replied. "You take so much pleasure in talk."

So He Could Locate It.

Mr. Bills—Martha, I will not be home until very late tonight.

Mrs. Bills—Shall I leave a light for you?

Mr. Bills—Yes, put it in the keyhole, please.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents Wanted
No Capital or Experience Required.

We will start active men in every locality. Can make $5.00 to $10.00 a day handling our goods.

Suits to Measure, $8.00 and up.
Trousers, $2.50 up.
Express Prepaid.

We furnish you with a large sample outfit and give you exclusive territory. Write quick and counting from the minute it is easy for you to earn $5.00 a day for agents' terms.

CHICAGO NOV. & MDSE. CO.,
Wholesale Tailors,
Dept. G, 57 Washington St., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$60 PER MONTH straight salary and expenses and expenses for men with rig to introduce our Poultry Remedies among the farmers. We furnish this and furnish Bank references of our reliability. Address Royal Remedy Co., Dept. 103, Indianapolis, Ind.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH

[illegible] GOLD WATCH [illegible] CASE, guaranteed [illegible] 25 YEARS, richly engraved in SOLID DESIGN, [illegible] movement, accurately timed and tested. Guaranteed [illegible] years. Write to-day for our big $5 handsome Watch and Chain offer. Send your address and we will send you the jewelry postpaid. When sold send us $5.00 and we will send you the watch and chain. Write to-day.
RAND MFG. CO. DEPT. L 4 CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The [illegible]

READS THE BOOK

"The Road to Wellville" Pointed the Way.

Down at Hot Springs, Ark., the visitors have all sorts of complaints, but it is a subject of remark that the great majority of them have some trouble with stomach and bowels. This may be partly attributed to the heavy medicines.

Naturally, under the conditions, the question of food is very prominent.

A young man states that he had suffered for nine years from stomach and bowel trouble, had two operations which did not cure, and was at last threatened with appendicitis.

He went to Hot Springs for rheumatism and his stomach trouble got worse. One day at breakfast the waiter, knowing his condition, suggested he try Grape-Nuts and cream, which he did, and found the food served with him perfectly.

After the second day he began to sleep peacefully at night, different than he had for years. The perfect digestion of the food quieted his nervous system and made sleep possible.

He says: "The next morning I was astonished to find my condition of constipation had disappeared. I could not believe it true after suffering for so many years; then I took more interest in the food, read the little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' and started following the simple directions.

"I have met with such results that in the last five weeks I have gained eight pounds in spite of hot baths which take away the flesh from anyone.

"A friend of mine has been entirely cured of a bad case of indigestion and stomach trouble by using Grape-Nuts Food and cream alone for breakfast.

"There is one thing in particular—I have noticed a great change in my mental condition. Before I could hardly remember anything, and now the mind seems unusually acute and retentive. I can memorize practically anything I desire." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The inch was formerly divided into three "barleycorns," these divisions being originally the length of a well-dried grain of "corn" of the barley.

I will send free to every sufferer a simple vegetable remedy that cures all female diseases and piles. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 25, Kokomo, Ind.

A giant lobster was caught in a smelt weir in West Lubec, Maine. It weighed 36 pounds and 8 ounces, and its claws measured 36 inches in length.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the fact and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

The horn of a rhinoceros is not joined to the bone of the head, but grows on the skin like a wart or corn.

A Fine Kidney Cure.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn., (the Chalybeate), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder troubles will write him, he will, without charge, direct them to the perfect home cure he used.

...e going to sing that beautiful song entitled "Harvest." ...appropriate! This is not the harvest season.
He is a plumber.

Comparison.

Ethel—I see you are trying to keep that lamp from flaring up.
Kernie—Yes, it reminds me of Jack Stickly.
Ethel—How so?
Kernie—It is hard to turn down and it won't go out when you want it to do so.

Quicted Him.

The pompous man in the silk hat thought the conductor should find him a seat.
"I belong to the upper class," said the haughty passenger. "Does money carry any weight here?"
"Yours does, sir," replied the conductor. "You just gave me a lead nickel."

What She Was Paid for.

Mrs. Neurich—Jane, why do you allow the children to make so much noise?
The Nurse—I'm sorry, ma'am, but they won't mind me.
Mrs. Neurich—Of course not. Why should they? Don't I pay you to mind them?

Binks Not in It.

Binks—I hate that fellow.
Jinks—Hate him? Why, he is a prince of generosity.
Binks—Y-e-s, but he spends his money on other people.

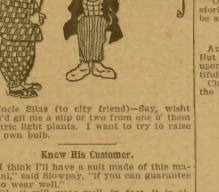
HIS SHOES.

Mrs. Gigly—What's that, may I ask?
Mrs. Hubly—Oh, that's all I ever see of John Henry when he's at home, so I fixed it up to keep me from being lonesome.

Strategy.

"Why is a Russian commander drilling his men to march backward?" asked the astonished war correspondent. "Has he lost his mind?"
"Oh, no," replied the spy. "That is to keep the world from thinking they were running if they get shot while retreating."

Garden Note.



Uncle Silas (to city friend)—Say, wisht you'd git me a dollar's worth o' them 'lectric light plants. I want to try to raise me own bulb.

Knew His Customer.

"I think I'll have a suit made of this material," said Slowpay, "if you can guarantee it to wear well."
"Oh, it will wear well—in fact, it is almost indestructible," answered the tailor.
"I would be almost willing to guarantee that it will wear until you pay for it."

That Old Score.

Blox—I've got an old score to settle with Spotkins.
Knox—Yes, he was telling me the other day that you had owed him $20 for quite a long time.

His Scheme.

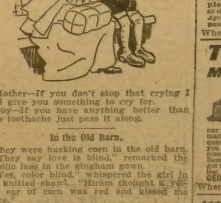
"I give yer two black eyes an' a punch in the jaw," boasted the tough. "Got enough?"
"No, give me a few more punches," said the man on the ground.
"What, more knocks? Are yer crazy?"
"No, but if I look just a little bit worse people will think I've been playing football."

Took His Word.

"Yes," said the tall tramp, "I told dat lady in de wayside cottage dat I was once a senator. She actually believed it."
"Great Jehoi!" exclaimed his chum of the ties. "In what way do you resemble a senator?"
"Oh, I told her two or three after-dinner stories. Dey were so stale she said I must be a senator."

Cute Clara.

Aunt Jane—No, Clara, you aren't pretty. But I suppose the young man who calls upon you tells you you are the most beautiful woman in all the world.
Clara—Yes, but it is after I have lowered the gaslight.



Mother—If you don't stop that crying I will give you something to cry for.
Boy—If you have anything better than this toothache just pass it along.

In the Old Barn.

They were husking corn in the old barn. "They say love is blind," remarked the bundle lass in the gingham gown.
"Yes, color blind," whispered the girl in the knitted shawl. "Hiram thought a yellow ear of corn was red and kissed the twice."

Light Exercise.

At the request of the confirmed dyspeptic the operator was taking an X-ray photograph of the seat of his trouble.
"This, I suppose," remarked the sufferer, with a ghastly attempt to be facetious, "is what might be called taking light exercise on an empty stomach."

Hopeless Case.

The good woman was distributing a few tracts behind the bars.
"And what are you in for, my unfortunate friend?" she asked of No. 1312.
"Cause I can't get out," sullenly answered the prisoner.
And the good woman passed on.

AGENTS WANTED

BY EXPRESS PREPAID $2.50

CUT AND MADE TO MEASURE
All Wool Black or Blue
Thibet Trousers
Many other Patterns at Various Other Prices
FREE—Sample outfit containing complete instructions, tape line, etc.
AGENT WANTED in every Town.
We help our agents to make big money. Write at once.
PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
197 F Market St., Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK and expenses to men with rig to introduce Poultry Compounds. STANDARD REMEDY CO., Dept. 2, FARMERS, KANS.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE Our secret service men earn good money. Good men wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write age and references. Address American Detective Association, Indianapolis, Indiana
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN WANTED. RELIABLE MEN throughout United States and Canada to take orders for our celebrated line of cigars, tacks on hand, furnish tools and all equipment free, distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $780 a year, or $75 a month and expenses $15.00 a day for expenses for good reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Call or address, with stamp, NATIONAL MERCHANDISE CO., London, Ontario, Canada.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN WANTED
to take orders for made-to-order suits from $6.50 up and pants from $2.50 up. Our Mr. A. B. Lincoln made $1,000 in 6 weeks. Send them to America. WRITE NOW for terms and territory. Large Commissions and Liberal Terms.
THE WARRINGTON W. & W. MILLS Dept. 1, CHICAGO, ILL.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Gold Watch AND RING FREE
An Excellent Accurate Watch with Solid Gilt Hunting Case, fully warranted to keep correct time for 20 years. Also a Handsome Ring to match, set with Imitation Diamond and Ruby. Both the Watch and Ring are Gold Filled and with a new Chemical Process will wear a lifetime. Sent free to any lady who will sell only 20 packages of Bluine at 10c each. Order 20 blues and when sold send us $2.00 and we will send you the watch and ring by return mail. Address BLUINE MFG. CO., Dept. 27, CHICAGO.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

8 TOOLS IN ONE Cures Rheumatism

AGENTS WANTED QUICK
FARMERS Stand Up
8 TOOLS IN ONE
Every Farmer Wants One at Sight
One of our agents says he will make $5,000 this year. Sells in his buttonhole to over one. Write for terms. Sample 25c. Agents Outfit, $1.00. Address, Prof. R. F. FOOTE CO., Rochester, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE. This Watch Free

We are giving away GOLD WATCHES, genuine and other valuable premiums to introduce our Perfumes and Toilet Articles. We want an honest, reliable person in every locality to display a handsome Sun Picture in a conspicuous place, and distribute circulars. Any one can do it. No money required. We pay all and will give you a Watch Free. Write us to-day and we will send you 20 packages to sell at 10c each. When sold send us $2.00 and we will send you the Watch by return mail. Don't delay, but write at once. Address, RIPLEY MFG. CO., Dept. 607, Rochester, N.Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PERSONAL to AGENTS

SAMPLE ONLY 15C.
ALUMINUM TEA AND COFFEE STRAINER
is made of one solid piece of aluminum. Has no joints to catch dirt and will last a lifetime. No Kitchen Complete Without One. Light as a feather, beautiful as silver. Won't rust, chip or rot. Sells at 15 cts. Agents Wanted. W. G. WATKINS & CO., Box 1856, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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GOLD AND GLACIER;

Or Love in Alaska.

BY FREDERICK F. OBER.

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CHAPTER XVI.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

As the snow-cloud disappeared, Shwash turned to his chum and said:

"Well, that goes the wust of yer enemies. Yer may hev killed three on 'em, Kern; but thar goes the wust; yew orter held him, seems ter me. He ain't like the rest on 'em—arter yew fer blood; but fer money, pewer an' simple; an' he'll be on the trail again, soon's ernuther uv them Jernigans puts up ther dough."

"No doubt of it," answered Kern, carelessly. "But he isn't the only one of his kind, though; my enemies can get another detective, even if they don't engage him, you know."

"Right yer be, Kern. But, come ter think uv it, there ain't but one 'on 'em left, is there? Perhaps he'll let up a bit, eh?"

"Well, he probably will," replied Kern; "not if he is anything like his brother. It looks as though I must exterminate the whole family. I wonder if the other one is in this region?"

"Bet yer boots he is, Kern; an' thar ain't no shadder uv doubt but he'll be campin' on yer trail within a week at the outside. Dick let that much drop to me an' Arthur, as he took up the lines, just before yew popped his dog. Circle's full uv coughs, an' cordin' tew Dick, they're all on his side. Sorry tew say so, Kern; but that's straight goods, an' yew might ez well know the truth. Ain't thet so?"

"Of course. Knowing the worst, I'm prepared for what comes."

Kern said no more, but walked silently toward the hut, followed by Shwash. Inside the rude cabin he found all his friends assembled, and he regarded their sympathetic looks as he set his rifle up in a corner and drew off his heavy fur garments. Then they crowded him, one by one, and shook his hand, no one speaking until he himself broke the oppressive silence.

"Well, boys, I'm back, you see, and—and——"

He had tried to look brave and swagger; but the silent sympathy of his friends, the tumultuous thoughts that came crowding upon him, all combined to break him down. He suddenly turned to the wall and hid his face in his arm, his frame shaking with emotion.

"Boys, Kern, don't!" exclaimed Johnson. "You ain't done anything but what you had to. We're mighty glad to see you back alive, ain't we, boys?"

A chorus of answers followed, all testifying to Kern's innocence of the crime escaped and had returned alive and well.

"Dang it, Kern, chirk up," said Siwash, drawing a mitten across his eyes. "A body 'd think yew 'd done somethin' reel bad, instid uv wipin' out a gang of toughs that air better off dead than alive; thet is, better fer th' communerty thet they air, hey, Sam, Jim?"

"On yer life," said Sam; and "Sure's preachin'," said Jim.

Kern stood back from the wall and threw his hands out fiercely.

"There, I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to start for the coast and take the first vessel for Seattle. I want to go now—right away."

"Never!" shouted his companions, in protest. "You can't desert us, Kern," said Brown.

"It's impossible. Here 'tis mid-winter, mercury sixty degrees below—frozen stiff, in fact; no Alaska guide—you must be crazy, man."

Siwash took Brown aside and whispered in his ear:

"It's that gal. They've jugged her in Seattle, and he's got ter get her. Reckon he ken pertect her; clear her uv charge uv murder—which she never did."

Evans, who had heard Rothwell's taunt, now spoke up:

"Kern, if it's the young lady, there's no use tryin' to clear her by showing up, yourself. I'm something of a lawyer—studied three years—and I know they can't do a thing to her. They may have arrested her on suspicion, to be sure, allowing that story to be true; but there's not a bit of evidence; you being absent and the other witness being dead."

"And," chimed in Ken, "all the trails to the coast are watched. If you started out, trust Chuck Rothwell for blocking all the exits. You wouldn't get away two days from here before some of his men would bushwhack you, Kern, sure's we all stand here."

Hestwood gazed about him uncertainly, seeming to doubt his very senses. At last he said, feebly speaking, as if he had abandoned all hope of rescue from his terrible predicament:

"Boys, that may all be true. I'll give up the trip to the coast; but one thing I have determined on—that is, to light out from here and leave you clear of the charge of complicity in my affairs. You can't move me, so don't attempt it. My instinct tells me to get out—and get out I will, at the first chance. I owe you now more than I can ever repay; if I stay here I'm afraid I will drive me crazy."

There was silence for a space, then Southwark said:

"Let him go, boys. It's just as he says—if we try to keep him we'll have a crazy man to care for soon," and they silently acquiesced.

"Don't blame him a bit," said Ben, as he and his chum were sifting around the fire in their hut. "Kern's just borne down—flattened out, you may say—by his trouble of his girl's. He must have a change of air, for certain, and the sooner he gets off the better for all."

But two weeks went by before the matter was again alluded to, and it was hoped that Hestwood had changed his mind. He had worked hard fifteen hours out of every twenty-four, and Siwash declared that he had not slept a wink when it was his shift off; but work he did, feverishly, tremendously, as though the softened earth and piling it up against the coming of spring, regarding it as a means whereby he could get over so much gold.

"Will you advance me five thousand on my claim, Tom?" he asked Siwash, one day, late in March. "Will it amount to that much?"

"Will it?" answered his chum. "Fifty thousand would be cheap fer it. You've no idee what this fine dust, an' once git it in the sluice boxes. An' I'll let yew hev that much, of yew want it."

"Then it's a bargain, and about a week's rations with it."

"Gee whiz, Kern, what's up now? Kinder thought yew'd made up yer mind tew stick it out. Hain't yer, arter all?"

"No, Tom, I didn't want to break away too sudden. But, you know, there's a stage coming through in the month of the gulch, and I've contracted with two of them to take me to Point Barrow. We will start just as soon——"

"Point Barrow, Kern! Holy snakes! Why, thet's 'mong the coldest, bleakest, the most no'the'ly p'int in the United States."

"Just so, Tom. And if there was a point more northerly I'd choose it, since where I could get away from every human being, I'd go there, too."

"Look a'ter, Siwash, in an aggrieved tone, "don't yer think thet's pooty rough on yer pardner, arter all we done tew deserve such treatment?"

"Nothing, nothing at all. The fact is, you have done so much for me. In every way, that I feel like running away to avoid anything more. If I stay here any longer you'll pile up such a mountain of obligations that I shall never get out from under it."

"To——with them obligations, Kern. You do your share of the work, I reck'n, and you've done more than your share. That's all there is to it. That ain't the reel reason, and yew know it."

"To tell the truth, Tom, it isn't—that is, it isn't all the truth. I want to get away from everybody and everything that can remind me of the past few months. I just want to cut loose from civilization. I don't want any more good-by to the boys, but if you'll help me, I would like to drop out of sight for awhile and not have them feel that they must look me up. Don't you understand?"

"Reckon I do, an' say but I symp'thize with yer, too. S'pose I'd feel the same way, in your situoation. It's tough, pardner, it's darnation tough; but I'll help yer. So bring on yer Huskie, or Stick, er whatever yer call him, and when his sledge soon's yer like, I s'pose it's one uv them blasted Circle City Injuns, a reg'lar black-leg. Soon's he gits yer and yer dust, then Rothwell 'll cut yer loose and leave yer to shift fer yerself. And it'll serve yer good and right, too, blamed if it won't."

"It would, Tom, and that's a fact. I know it looks to you pretty ungrateful in me; but I just can't help it. If I don't get out in the open air, with the feeling that I have a new world before me where I'm not likely to meet any reminder of the past, in any form, I shall lose what little sense I have left; I will suffocate."

"I und'stand; but you'll git air enough, of thet's what yew want, and let me tell yer a thing or two. Ef yew go 'way, with thet mer'cry down to hell and gone, will go a long ways. Perhaps yew don't want so much of it after yew hev bit off a few chunks, eh?"

"Likely as not. But I'd go if I knew it would be certain death. So we won't discuss that any longer."

Siwash saw that a good deal to himself, and looked askance at his partner more than once, during the next few days, while they were packing up the provisions and outfit for the sledges, as if he was more than half convinced that a safe place for Kern was in a lunatic asylum, after all. "Jest ez crazy ez Loo Paine, ez Chuck, ez a dozen uv 'em sane men I've noticed," and of ther was it would be hard ter—gittin' uv 'em, Kern, ef yew don't want so much uv it after yew hev bit off a few chunks, eh?"

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Siwash had made up his mind that his partner was going out to certain death, and had steeled himself to the greeting; but when at last the pitiful whe had contrived to take Kern to the Arctic, he—as he later said to the boys—"reckoned I was struck a mule" —for he had seen him before and knew him for a rascally hanger-on at Circle City. "But it wa'n't no sort er use to argy the matter with Kern, fellers. He was sot on goin', and go he will, even ef he has ter hitch himself had come fer him with that ther dog-team, 'mid er that reskelly, no-count Stick. Say I said, 'Well, Kern, yew're yer own fam'ly, and you find ther co'pse; but I don't like yer way o' treatin' every tew it, and I'll advise yer tew keep yer pistol handy, pooty much all the time, fer yew'll need it, mark my words!' Kern he promised tew keep a sharp watch on ther cuss, and so, after the sledges was packed, he took ther reins uv one uv ther dog-teams, the Stick took the other pair uv lines, and off they went, headed fer the North Pole, straight as they could go. Boys, he don't feel to'ds you nothin' but strat'ude, and yew mustn't feel cut up b'cause he didn't call ter say good-by. My" opinion is he thought he couldn't stan' it, and so cut the fay'wells short on pu'pose."

Whatever may have been the feelings of his companions in thus being abandoned, they took it pretty well, lamenting the action more on Kern's account than on their own. And if the fugitive had returned within twenty-four hours and claimed admission again to their circle, they would gladly have accorded it. But he did not return, and while they were readjusting things in the Gulch to suit the altered conditions, Kern Hestwood was speeding over the snows as fast as his dog-sledge could carry him.

The Innuit, who, despite his evil countenance, was a fine specimen of the native Alaskan, being nearly six feet high and of excellent proportions, took the lead in his sledge and all Kern had to do was to guide him on. Now in the ordinary way the hours sped by, and with the brisk motion in the keen air his spirits recovered a little of their former elasticity. The temperature was down to about thirty below zero, but the air was clear, and Kern wrapped so he was in furs to the eyes, he did not feel the cold. There was a comfortableness in the thought that he had finally turned his back upon the old life and was now to begin a new existence, with entirely new and different conditions. The darkness of the Arctic night was around them—or, rather, the dimness and gloom, for at that time of the year journey into stages of eight hours each, with halts of the same length for rest and refreshment. Point Barrow was northwest from the Klondike, about six hundred miles in a straight line, if they held to their journey direct they would pass no hut or settlement on the way, so Kern was perfectly surprised, about the middle of the ninth stage, to see lights twinkling ahead, and evidences of civilization. He was about to demonstrate with his guide, whipping up his dogs for the greatest speed of the entire journey, when the beasts suddenly stopped, huddling together in a heap, and he was roughly pulled from his sledge.

CHAPTER XVII.

HAULED OVER THE COALS.

Hestwood reached for his revolver, even while being so unceremoniously dragged down in the snow; but his hands had seized him by the shoulders dropped farther down and bound his arms to his side. Almost simultaneously a rope was drawn around them knotted behind his shoulders, and then the same process was gone through with his legs passed around his ankles. Then he was stood on end and his hood shoved back so that he could see the features of his assailants.

Two burly figures stood before him; one he recognized instantly as the detective, the other, as the light of a lantern flashed on his face, seemed to recall the features of Chuck Rothwell, the Jernigans.

"Welcome to Circle, Kern," chuckled Rothwell; "heard you were passing, and this gentleman and myself started out to extend the hospitalities of the town. You remember my friend Evans, eh? Well, you've seen his brothers, perhaps. He heard you'd been kinder friendly with 'em, so to speak, and has come all the way from Seattle to make your acquaintance. That so, Bob?"

The detective's companion scowled, but clenched his teeth and said nothing; while Kern, realising that he was surely in the hands of enemies, kept silence.

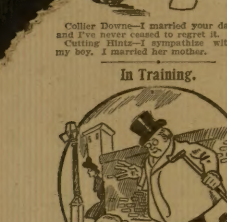
"Spose you'd like to know how it happened, hey? Well, Kern, you mustn't blame Stick. He's been my pal—has been all along—and so I only sent him up to treat with you for me, when you saw me. I kinder of divined that you'd be wanting to light out of Bonanza, and so provided the transportation accordin'. But you don't seem at all grateful at my rescuing you from the perils of the Pole. However, come along with us and you'll change your mind, when you see the quarters—palatial quarters, in fact—we've provided for you."

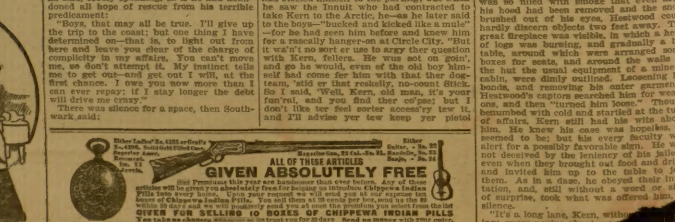
It was but a short distance to the group of huts then composing the settlement of Circle City. Kern was dragged into the sledge again the reverent guide led the way, and soon the party was brought to the entrance of a large log hut, which, like the score or two of others composing the settlement, was constructed in a manner save for its projecting roof-pole and smoking chimney. Taking their prisoner by the shoulders, the two men dragged him through a tunnel in the snow, kicked open a rude door, and pushed him into the hut.

The interior, consisting of one large room, was so filled with smoke that even after the hood had been removed and the snow brushed out of his eyes, Hestwood could hardly discern objects two feet away. The great fireplace was ablaze, in which a heap of logs was burning, and gradually a big stove, rude affair that it was, arranged some boxes for seats, and around the walls of the hut the usual equipment of a miner's cabin, were dimly outlined. Removing his bonds, and removing his outer garments, Rothwell and Evans pushed him for'ward ons, and then "turned him loose." Though benumbed with cold and startled at the turn of affairs, Kern still had the wits about him. He knew his case was hopeless, or seemed to be; but his every faculty was alert for a possibly favorable sign. He was not deceived by the leniency of his jailers, even when they brought out food and drink and invited him up to the table to join them. As in a daze, he obeyed their invitation, and, still without a word or sign of surprise, took what was offered him in silence.

"It's a long lane, Kern, without a turning long; guess you've about come to the end of your—well, I'll call it rope, eh? That's the way, Bob? Reckon you've got the little end of it."

In Training.

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Bob Jernigan grinned and said, as he thrust a chunk of meat into a cavernous mouth: "Guess ag'in, Dick. It ain't er rope he'll git—I—no lucky of he does. We ain't er goin' ter stretch his neck, Dick; but warm his toes! Haw, haw! We're goin' ter begin at t'other end."

"You hear that, Kern?" continued Rothwell. "The gentleman says he's going to give you a warm reception. He kinder takes pity on you, up here all alone in this cold country, an' is going to warm you up—over a slow fire. But you don't seem to be very thankful, though. What's the matter, anyway? Ain't there a spark of gratitude about you? But, speaking of sparks, perhaps they'll bring it out when the fire's started, eh? Guess it won't take long, will it, Bob, to do him up nice and brown?"

"Twon't be any shorter'n we kin help, you bet," answered that worthy. "They's three uv my fambly he's sent to blazes by the short cut. Thin't thet I keers much, few tell ther trewth, sence me an' t'others wa'n't no great shakes friendly; but blood's blood's our great fambly, an' I'm bound ter 'venge them brothers uv mine. Shootin's too easy, an' hangin's too quick; so, Dick, ef yew ken spar' the timber, reck'n a slow fire's about ther ticket, ain't it?"

"It's a dreadful waste of fuel, Bob; but if Kern can stan' it, reckon I'll have to. It'll be an agreeable chance for him, anyway; he can't say that we didn't do the right thing and give him a good warm send-off. He won't die with the cold, any-yr; and that's a good deal, at this time of year. But it don't phase him a little bit; he's got sand, that's sure. No kindof use to whip him up that way."

"Ther's no, blame my cats of he ain't," muttered Bob. "An' it goes ag'in' ther grain ter do a feller dirt uv thet kind. But, Jessie's Jestice, an' blod calls for blood. What's dew yew say, pris'ner?"

Hestwood never got a word, but looked into Bob's eyes defiantly; and there was no appeal for mercy in his glance.

"Stubborn as a mule, by thunder!" added Bob, "fer I'm goin' tew kill yer, jest ther same; kill yer fust an' then try yer arterwards. Ain't I admitted ther killin', an' thet's ther main thing. How yer did ther killin's another matter, an' don't ermount ter shucks."

"And, by the way, Kerp," broke in Rothwell, "there's a former friend of yours in the 'ouse adjoining; a lady, we may say, and when I say a lady, I mean just that. She's—"

"Shet yer mouth, Dick Rothwell," snapped Bob Jernigan.

"But I don't mind sayin'," he added, after a pause, "thet ther is a lady ther', an' she come all the way from Sentie with ther word ter St. Michael, an' up ther Yukon with we-uns in ther Circle, on ther same boat. She ain't paid nothin' partic'lar about yer, but I reckon—"

"To cut it short," interjected Rothwell, "her name is Hutchinson."

A tremor ran through Hestwood's frame, and it was almost on his lips to say "Adele?" But his intuition had divined what the ruffians were leading up to, and he gave no outward sign of his own volition.

They were distinctly disappointed, but Bob rubbed on: "Reckon we'd be cuttin' ther proper caper ter invite her to ther ceremony, wouldn't we, Dick? I'd kinder like ter hev her see ther send-off."

"Cert," answered Rothwell. "As they're both in good power, and as the lady must be perishing of ennui, after several months of inactivity, we couldn't do her a greater favor. But say, Bob, we've got to be going; you know that business down to the river. Perhaps we'd better leave Kern here in care of the Stick and then come back and finish it up as we intended? We can trust the diggers, all right. He won't be half any too tender to him, gamble on that.

"And it won't do you a bit of good," he turned and added, as they left the hut, "to know that right beyond that bulkhead is a woman you know very well indeed—down country; for you can't get at her. She's a prisoner, like yourself, and her turn comes after yours. So long!"

Kern did not move. For hours after his tormentors had left him he sat with face turned to stone; nor did the coming in of the Innuit disturb him. He believed his last hour had come to pay for all, and he neither felt hope nor despair. Somewhat of a fatalist in his belief, he accepted what was dealt out to him unexceptionally as well as silently. But the intimation of the near presence of Adele Hutchinson, credible as the suggestion appeared, started a glow of hope, faint at first, then expanding into a flame that warmed and permeated his whole being. He finally aroused and shook himself, determined. If she, the Innuit's wife, could safely enter and go, he could and would. The Innuit, who had entered and had remained crouched in a corner, noted the change in his prisoner's glance in the eyes, as he strode toward him, and knew something of a desperate nature was in preparation. He was, therefore, another coward and held up a warning hand.

"No kill me, he'll kill me," he cried, in broken English. "Man wait. No kill me—me friend. Wait, you see. Me lady's friend, me come take um away. Patient, me come, bring dogs, git 'em all right; lady come, too. All go north, Point Barrow. All git way sure, safe!"

"You dirty scoundrel," said Hestwood, at last finding voice, "why did you bring me here? You are in Dick Rothwell's pay, and you know it. But what is it about the lady? Who is she? Where is she going?"

He held a revolver pointed at the Indian, which he had snatched from the wall, where it had been overlooked by the men who had left. His looks, his actions, proclaimed to the cowering wretch that he meant to kill him then and there, unless he showed good cause for being left alive. He knew he had the means of arresting judgment—this savage Innuit—so he proceeded deliberately to unfold his knowledge of affairs and detail his scheme.

"No know lady," he said, "but she lady, she come up river on boat, me friend to you, but she marry me. She know you here; me tell me, she—all right way. Plenty glub, me take him my sledge, you take t'other; git good start Dick, Bob; all reach safe place—all right, see."

As the savage developed his plan, Kern rapidly canvassed the situation. The rascal might be lying, he might be telling truth, but anyway, it was better to adopt his scheme than to stay there and be killed like a rat in a trap. And to make the attempt with relief for he felt sure, now, it was she, and his brain swam at the thought. He felt, too, that he could trust the Innuit after all. But had he the sledges ready? Had he provisions for the trip? Could he find arms and ammunition? The Innuit's face seemed satisfactorily all the questions save the reference to arms. The revolver Kern still held in his hand was the only weapon he knew of, and that—Kern found when he came to examine it—was empty. Except—

Well, no matter; he felt almost relieved to find that the further shedding of blood was thus placed beyond his power. Except they should come to close quarters—then his muscles were still strong, and he would dare anything rather than yield up his life—and Adele.

Dick and Bob, the Stick declared, would not return before the noon of the next day; he could get away within an hour, for the lady was ready. Kern were harnessed and waiting, the sledges packed with provisions. When questioned as to the cause of this state of preparedness, the Innuit shrugged his shoulders and merely said:

"Dick, good; Bob, bad; lady pay double." He also admitted that he liked the lady more than he liked Dick, and, besides, that his fealty was at Point Barrow, whom he wished to see very much.

The inconteatible evidence that the unknown lady had foreseen the turn affairs were to take, and had subsidized the Innuit in advance, as well as prepared for this contingency of a trip northward, caused a new flame of hope to flicker in Hestwood's bosom. It was evident that she had some object in view in getting the Innuit here with his passenger, even at the risk of delivering him into the hands of his enemies. Reasoning after this fashion, Kern might have assumed that her impelling motive was an interest centered in himself; but being tolerably modest, he remained still at fault. However, it did not matter, so that it was really she, the idol of his dreams and the object of his waking thoughts for many months. If there indeed had been, he then asked no more of fate than a fair fight and no favors, for such her felt he could dare and conquer all.

But his doubts were not to be speedily settled, for, even while pondering the matter in hand, he sped his dog team after the Innuit's in which, beside the driver, there sat a figure wrapped in furs. The eyes in furs. It was her wish, the driver said, that there should be no intercourse between herself and Hestwood, and of course the latter respected that wish. So it was like following a will-o'-the-wisp, that sledge away into the night, on the trail of one who might prove to be a friend, or perhaps an enemy!

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DON'T DELAY! IF YOU WANT A PIANO OR OTHER PRIZES FREE, SEND YOUR COUNTS AT ONCE. WIN! WIN! WIN!

Do not fail to get counts in at once. Our complete list of prizes contains six pianos: One Fine Mahogany Upright Piano, Style No. 2, Full Iron Frame, Overstrung Scale, Three Pedals, Full Length Music Desk, Handsome Carved Legs, Fancy Fluted Moulding, Full Nickel Trimmings, Warranted for Ten Years, Boxed and Delivered on Board Cars Finally Approved, $175 In Value. One Fine Mahogany Upright Piano, Style No. 3, Full Iron Frame, Overstrung Scale, Three Pedals, Full Length Music Desk, Handsome Carved Legs, Fancy Fluted Moulding, Full Nickel Trimmings, Warranted for Ten Years, Boxed and Delivered on Board Cars Finally Approved, $175 In Value. One Elegant Cabinet Grand Organ, Style No. 1, Solid Walnut Case, Handsomely Carved Panels, Beautiful Mirror Top, Large Bevel Plate Mirror, Handsome Music Rack, Full Length Music Desk, Five Octaves, Two Full Sets Reeds, Sub-Bass and Octave Coupler, Grand Organ Knee Swell, Warranted for Ten Years, Boxed and Delivered on Board Cars Finally Approved, $150 In Value. One Fine Mahogany Upright Piano, Style No. 4, Full Iron Frame, Overstrung Scale, Three Pedals, Full Length Music Desk, Handsome Carved Legs, Fancy Fluted Moulding, Full Nickel Trimmings, Warranted for Ten Years, Boxed and Delivered on Board Cars Finally Approved, $150 In Value. One Fine Mahogany Upright Piano, Style No. 5, Full Iron Frame, Overstrung Scale, Three Pedals, Full Length Music Desk, Handsome Carved Legs, Fancy Fluted Moulding, Full Nickel Trimmings, Warranted for Ten Years, Boxed and Delivered on Board Cars Finally Approved, $125 In Value. One Elegant Cabinet Grand Organ, Style No. 2, Solid Walnut Case, Handsomely Carved Panels, Beautiful Mirror Top, Large Bevel Plate Mirror, Handsome Music Rack, Full Length Music Desk, Five Octaves, Two Full Sets Reeds, Sub-Bass and Octave Coupler, Grand Organ Knee Swell, Warranted for Ten Years, Boxed and Delivered on Board Cars Finally Approved, $125 In Value. Bundy Farm, Campbell Leaning Mill, Tower Elevator, Kossuth Feed Elevator, Wilson Bros. Feed Mill, Parlor Steamer Bean Cutter, Carrigan Hopper Plow, two C.S.S. Farm Forges, Weis Incubator, Elkhart Drilling Machine, etc.

Send in counts and subscriptions as above and get our complete premium offer. Never did you have such an opportunity before. Don't delay, you may be a little too late. Send to-day.

TEST OF SKILL—This contest is not to be confused with the guessing or estimating contests. Our counting is exact; no more nor less than by the Post Office Inspector. Two counts can be made and the nearest correct one will be taken. Do not hesitate about cost. Ten cents per thousand counts. The more we get, the more we can afford to give away.

CONDITIONS—Counts must be sent in with yearly subscriptions at 50c. each, or two counts for $1.00. Subscriptions may be sent in one at a time, or as many as you like. Subscriptions may be new or renewals. Remember, if you have one count you get 1st prize only, but if you have three counts you get $150 extra.

AWARDS will be made as follows—The person giving correct or nearest correct count will get 1st prize. 2nd prize, second correct, etc. In case of a tie for any prize it will be awarded to the person giving best plan for counting the dots. Plan whether you send your ladies' or gents' counts. Each plan goes to lady sending best count or plan, the other to gentleman sending best count or plan.

TIME PRIZE—We feel early counters should be rewarded and will give $50 to person sending in correct count or plan by Feb. 20, $25 if you send count or plan before Feb. 28, you get $10 extra.

JUDGES—The awarding of prizes will be wholly in the hands of disinterested judges. We have chosen bankers, ministers, public officials, etc., to act as judges for our contest. ReGovernor, Mayor, Treasurer, etc., have acted as judges. We are honest our contests must be absolutely fair.

OUR FINANCIAL RESPONSIBILITY—As to whether we are abundantly able to do as we say, we are glad to refer to Des Moines Savings Bank, Our offer will be carried out to the letter.

In the event more than one person should submit the same plan and this was considered the best plan by the judges, each person so listing will be asked to tell in 50 words how he would advertise Successful Farming. The one making best suggestions gets first prize, next best next, etc. Understand this is only in case of a tie in plan, which is not likely to occur.

Publisher SUCCESSFUL FARMING, 198 Plum St., Des Moines, Iowa.

I enclose $..... for subscription to SUCCESSFUL FARMING, and I wish to enter the..... (write ladies' or gents') Contest. If $1.00 is sent, send 3 counts; if more than $1.00 send one count for each 50c over $1.00. If only 50c is paid send ONLY ONE count. The extra $50 I am to pay to those having THREE or more counts entered.

My Count is: (1).....(2).....

(3).....

Name..... P. O..... State.....

Remarks: My plan of counting is .....

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A fixed star is an actor with real money.

You can't save much time by stopping your watch.

A thing is naturally of a retiring disposition when sleepy.

One isn't necessarily a gambler because he has winning ways.

The expected tip doesn't always come to the waiter who waits.

Bullies are found for the purpose of making scrape of history.

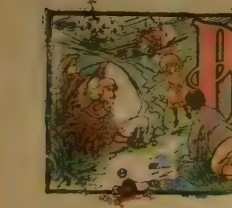
Let us hope the coming woman will be more prompt than the going one.

Only a foolish woman considers the jealousy of her husband a compliment.

If a man is unable to stand success he can at least sit down and take it easy.

Sporting Terms.

"Giving him the double cross."



HEARTS OF OAK;

OR

IN THE DAYS OF WASHINGTON.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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CHAPTER I.

THE HUNTED PATRIOT.

A short, cold December day in 1776 had just come to a close, and darkness commenced to envelop the bleak shores of the broad Delaware River close to the thriving town of Trenton, when the first figure of a man might have been seen staggering along the frozen country road.

By his quick panting the unknown gave evidence of having recently hurried much beyond an ordinary pace; and as he came from the direction of the British General Howe's camp, it might be inferred that just then his one thought was to give certain pursuers the slip.

That the hounds of war could not be far in his rear their loud shouting proclaimed, and record was common with the hunting of an American who was accused of being a spy, told what would be the fate of any patriot found within the British lines.

Only the runner was a country lout such a disguise might have served for a purpose, the better to elude the police.

Inside of the road, that which was farthest from the direction of the village, there was a long white mark, indicating that he had now reached the border of those grounds belonging to a certain Master Hezekiah Sprague, known far and wide as a sympathizer with the down-trodden Tory as he of New Jersey could produce. Apparently the fugitive had some acquaintance with this section of the country, for he heaved a grunt of pleasure at discovering the first signs of the fence, and without more ado proceeded to clamber over the same, with what vigor a winded man might display.

Straight down toward the bank of the river he pressed, muttering low words of disgust as the sound of a hound's yelping from the rear told what desperate measures his pursuers had adopted in order to follow him thus far afield.

Only for the keen scent of that four-footed trailer he might have eluded his enemies long since by entering the woods and doubling on his tracks, as he had known the cunning fox to do many a time.

His purpose in making for the river at this particular point was manifest, since he immediately commenced a search for some sort of a boat in which a daring and desperate man might push out among the floating cakes of ice that fairly covered the bosom of the moving tide, hoping to force a passage to the opposite shore, where, back some little distance, lay the camp of the disheartened Continentals under brave Washington.

However easy such a search might have proven in the good old summer-time, when it was a delightful pleasure to float upon the placid bosom of the Delaware at this bleak season of the year it stood to reason that small boats would of necessity be stowed away in some protected nook where the grinding ice-floes could not get a chance to damage them.

In vain he hunted as he wandered along the bank.

Stretching out before him was the wide reach of water covered in places with floating fields of ice that had broken in the inlets above with a rise of the stream, and was seeking the far-off salt water bay.

Several times the fugitive stopped to gaze longingly over this expanse, as though his one earnest wish was equal to suicide, and while he might not lack in enough daring to attempt jumping from one cake to another had it been broad daylight, to try such a thing in the gathering gloom was tempting Providence too far.

The loud voices of his pursuers sounded closer all the while, and he knew they must are now have come to where he had left the road—perhaps the portion would keep straight on while the other with the dog might follow his tracks down to the river's edge.

Better that he risk the dangers of that black current than fall into the hands of those who came after, for a short shrift and a ready noose awaited any patriot spy caught in the act in those stirring days.

Perhaps, had he been granted time, he might have baffled the sentiment of the hound, for the men of that day studied the ways of the cunning woods-folks, and knew many of the tricks which served for example as was wont to cheat his canine pursuers out of their anticipated prey by the lack of this essential element forced him to another course.

He turned sharply as though his mind were made up, and headed straight for the large mansion, the lights of which he had just discovered through the bare branches of the trees in the spacious gardens.

If, as it proved, Master Hezekiah well accquainted in the neighborhood, this hunted fugitive anticipated, he might have a chance of seeking a refuge at the hands of Master Hezekiah Sprague. That hot-blooded sympathizer with the British would have given his own brother up had he expressed disloyal sentiments toward King George, or the Parliament that of late had seen fit to persecute England's American colonies beyond endurance.

Having made up his mind to adopt a desperate expedient the fugitive hastened to the rear of the house.

It was a typical colonial mansion, with the kitchen apart from the main part, and ground sloped abruptly toward the water, the back stood up one story higher, so that the eaves above the roof when he came to a pause.

Luckily, no faithful watchdog gave tongue at his approach, for which he could breathe thanks, since such a thing must have added considerably to his danger.

Well spent as he might be as a result of being run, the fugitive showed no evidence of considerably agility in mounting to the porch that ran along the rear of the house, for such a thing as that he might have been taken for while shuffling that same porch, and his every bone ached and pleaded in behalf of the rest of climbing, only a vigorous young muscles in their prime could overcome the many obstacles that barred the way.

At the same time the others in the lower garden were approaching perilously near, and ere long must be clustered below, with their attention turned in the direction of his hiding-place.

It was evidently not his intention, however, to remain there upon that exposed porch, while a far safer place of concealment offered in the open door of the dwelling itself.

To those days a patriot knew of no better use to which the house of a Tory could be put than in giving shelter to a forlorn fugitive of the opposite sect. There seemed to be a racy touch of humor in such a situation, though one of Washington's barefooted and ragged Continentals were in a position to appreciate the comic element in anything that happened. The zest of life and liberty had become too serious a proposition with them after the Declaration of Independence had thrown down the teeth of old George III.

Deliberately the man tried the windows one after another until he found one that answered to his eager appeals. It opened inwardly on hinges just far beyond was a long shelf upon which some potted plants stood, the window facing northward south, so that the sun might bathe the flowering bulbs in his life-giving element.

Straightway the hunted patriot pushed through the sill of an opening he had thus fashioned, taking considerable care not to upset some of the plants, and thus betray his presence.

While thus burglariously entering the mansion of Master Hezekiah Sprague he fancied he heard a muffled exclamation from some part of the room; and the fear lest his presence must be proclaimed by a frightened domestic gave him a cold chill.

Nevertheless, he had really gone too far now to beat a retreat, no matter what misfortune might be in store for him, it was necessary that he go on.

When he landed upon the floor he deliberately turned, and, shutting the sash again, busied himself in rearranging the potted plants in such fashion as they had been before his move shoved them aside.

Those Revolutionary forefathers of ours were earnest readers of the Good Book, from which they dug many a truth that could be put to practicable use. It might be this party whom the minions of the King of England referred so strongly remembered that account of the Egyptian monarch who, pursued by his enemies, entered a cave, across the mouth of which a spider immediately threw his silken web, which, being perceived by the soldiers soon after, they considered it worse than folly to look for any one there, since the man they sought could not have entered without breaking so slender an impediment.

He had just finished placing the plants in position again, as well as was possible in the darkness, when of a sudden his ears were assailed by a noise that came from the other side of the apartment.

"Well, sir, what manner of mischief may

How the Washboard wears out Clothes.

TAKE a new shirt. Soil it well!

Then soap it, and rub the stains out of it on a Washboard.

Do this six times. Then look at the hems, collar and cuff edges, and the button holes, closely.

You'll find them all badly frayed, ripped, thinned,—worn out more than from three months' hard steady use.

Half the life of the garment gone,—eaten up by the Washboard.

Shirt cost a dollar, say,—washboard takes 50¢ of wear out of it,—you get w' rk's left.

Why don't you cut out the washboard? Use a "Water Witch" instead.

This is a new wrinkle. It drives the water through the clothes like a force pump. It takes out all the stains, in half the time, without wearing a single thread, or cracking a button.

No rubbing, scrubbing, wearing, smashing, the clothes against a hard metal Washboard. That costs twice as much for hard work, and wears out twice as many clothes in a year.

Try the "Water Witch" for four washings!

"Won't cost you a cent to try it either. You write to me for a "Water Witch" and I'll send it to you without a cent of deposit, or a cent of risk on your part.

I'll pay the freight too, so that you may test my offer entirely at my expense. Use it a month, free of charge.

If you like it then, you may keep it.

If you don't like it, send it back to me, at my expense.

If you keep it you pay for it out of the Work and the Wear it saves you, —at, say, 50 cents a week. Remember it washes clothes in half the time they can be Washed by hand, it does this by simply driving soapy water swiftly through their threads.

It works like a spinning top and runs as easy as a Sewing Machine.

A child of 10 can wash with it as well as a strong woman. You may prove this for yourself, and at my expense I'll send the "Water Witch" free for a month anywhere so you can prove this without risk.

I'll take it back then, if you think you can get along without it. And I'll pay the freight both ways out of my own pocket.

How could I make a cent out of that deal, if the "Water Witch" wouldn't actually wash clothes in half the time, with half the wear, and do all that I say it will?

Write me today for particulars. If you say so I'll send on the machine for a month, so that you can be using it in a week or ten days.

200,000 People are now using our "Water Witch" Washers. Write today to me, thus—R. F. Bieber, 491 Henry Street, Binghamton, New York.

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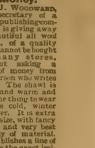
This Beautiful Shawl Does Not Cost One Cent of Your Money.



This Shawl Is FREE. Send name to-day.

E. J. Woonward, the secretary of a large publishing company, is giving away a beautiful all-wool shawl, of a quality that cannot be bought in many stores, for the reason he would keep cent of money from the people who write for it. The shawl is thick and warm and just the thing to wear the cold, winter weather. It is extra large size, with fancy edges and very best quality of material.

The plan is this: The company publishes a line of beautiful colored pictures which are the exact imitations of oil paintings, the originals of which cost from $500 to $800 each. They are 16x20 inches and suitable to frame for the parlor or sitting room. When you write they will send you 8 of these pictures, at their risk, without any money in advance. Take them out and show to your friends and neighbors. They will gladly give you 25 cents to own one, and when you send the 25 collected for the sale of the pictures, to the company, they will send you one of these beautiful shawls free, that might cost you a large sum if bought in your own town. Write to-day and get these 8 pictures. If you do not succeed in selling them all can be sent back and no harm done. The company wishes to extend the sale of their pictures at once and for this reason they are giving these valuable shawls away for the next few days, so now is the time to say "yes" and get them among their friends and neighbors. Address as follows: E. J. WOONWARD, Dept. 54, 63-65 Washington St., Dept. 54, CHICAGO, ILL.

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TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. SCALLYPOD. NO HOOKS TO FEED. NO HOOKS TO FEED. NO HOOKS TO FEED

this mean? Perhaps thee will consider it a joke to enter a gentleman's house in such fashion; but it may be no laughing matter once Master Hezekiah apprehends thee. Who are thou, and what reason canst thee give why I should not cry out aloud and bring every person in this building hither?"

The man who had come in the back way, without so much as by invitation, seemed to understand that considerable depended on his speaking quickly and to the point if he wished to mollify this unseen person, whose voice indicated that the speaker must be of the gentler sex, and also of that mild persuasion known in Philadelphia as Quakers.

His first exclamation seemed to be along the line of satisfaction, as if he might have recognized the identity of the speaker, and considered that good fortune had brought him in contact with a friendly spirit.

"Mistress Becky," he breathed, eagerly.

"And thee knows me—but possibly even that may not shield one so bold from the consequences of his folly. Tell me whom thou art, and why it has pleased thee to thus enter an honest home like a thief?" came the soft voice.

The fugitive took a step or two forward, but she was quick to hear.

"Stand where thou art until I have heard thy explanation, sir," she said, in sudden alarm; and he drew up, knowing she would surely sound the alarm as she threatened unless he obeyed.

"I trust Mistress Becky Harkness may not have quite forgotten her friend of the past, Robert Hale," he said, eagerly.

She gave utterance to an exclamation of astonishment, and he believed there was also an undercurrent of concern in her low

"It is a pretty angel that stands guard!"

cry, as though it must have flashed through her mind that he would not be there in that strange condition unless some desperate cause actuated him. Perhaps she had hearkened to the shouts of the King's soldiers on the road, and could thus give a pretty good guess as to what sort of peril hung over his head.

"Roger Hale, and here under such strange circumstances—it is hard to believe; and yet surely I know thy voice, friend. Yes, thee may come forward now and greet me as one who has always remembered our childish communion of the past with pleasure. But I am sorely amazed and worried to comprehend what this may mean!" he heard her say.

CHAPTER II.

A WILLING PRISONER.

The youth called himself by the name of Robert Hale did not wait for a second invitation, but, brushing forward in the direction of the voice, put out both hands eagerly, seeking to fathom the gloom that reigned in the room, so that he might thus discover the presence of the little Quakeress whom he remembered so well and with kindling evidences of a deep regard.

And so he, by chance, perhaps, came in contact with another hand that was also outstretched toward him, seizing which he pressed it against his lips, after the manner of the times, in respectful salute.

For the moment he almost forgot the perils of the men who hunted the traces of him, breathing all fugitive, what means all this uproar? Whom do these soldiers of the King seek, and for what, pray?" asked the maiden, promptly, urged on both by ordinary curiosity and the desire to know the worst.

"They chance to be looking for an unworthy individual known as Roger Hale, and I strongly surmise that once they lay him by the heels it will not take long to shuffle him off this mortal coil," he replied; coolly, for by this time it would seem that he was beginning to recover his wind, and with it in some measure his assurance.

"Wherefore would they do thee this harm —has it then come to pass that the soldiers of King George merit out death to every patriot heart? Is it drifting to a dreadful war of extermination, which Heaven forbid?"

"Not so, Mistress Becky, but I have taken my life in my hands in order that our beloved General may learn certain facts concerning the enemy which will be to his great profit, soon. In other words, I have been playing the part of a spy for the moment."

The Quakeress uttered a cry of alarm.

"I understand now, and that if they capture thee surely a gibbet may be thy portion, even as it was of thy lamented relative, Captain Nathan Hale, whom Lord Howe put to death in New York but a little while ago. I am grievously concerned about thy welfare, Roger Hale," she went on, the anxiety showing in her voice.

Undoubtedly the young man felt a little that way himself, for he could easily conceive what it meant to meet so ignominious a fate.

"It was my hope to cross the river, in spite of the threatening ice-floes; but sad to

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NOTE—Write name plainly so that no mistake will be made in filling out certificate

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Please reserve..... shares for me, and me certificate, booklet, reports and all information; if I am fully convinced that it is an enterprise and will prove kinds personally profitable, I will pay you at the rate of $2.50 per share per month until fully paid. No more than five shares reserved for any one person.

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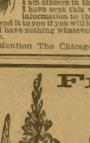
A WIFE'S MESSAGE

Cured Her Husband of Drinking.

Write Her Today and She Will Gladly Tell You How She Did It.



My husband was a hard drinker for over 20 years and had tried in every way to stop but could not do so. I at last cured him by a simple home remedy which any one can give secretly. I want every one who has drunkenness in their homes to know of this and if they are sincere in their desire to cure this disease and will write to me, I will tell them just what the remedy is. My address is Mrs. Margaret Anderson, Box 604 Hillsboro, N. D. I am sincere in this offer. I have sent this valuable information to thousands and will gladly send it to you if you will but write me to-day. As I have nothing whatever to sell, I want no money.

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BOYS'

Names Wanted

The Star Monthly wants boys' names and addresses. Every boy reads it. Every boy wants it. We want to get them. Interest in our Intellectual Department, by which has a circulation of over 1,000,000 each month, centers in Exciting Boy Stories, Athletic Sports, Interesting Facts of Natural Phenomena, Stamps, Coins, Curios, Puzzles, Jokes, Games, Physical Culture, etc., and each month secures a large number of valuable prizes to our boy readers. If you are not a subscriber you will receive FREE sixty names and addresses of boys who are not. If you desire, we send in their names and you receive a subscription fully paid months in advance. Address Star Monthly, Oak Park, Ill.

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2 GLADIOLUS, Groff's New Hybrids, new type.
2 NARCISSUS, POLYANTHUS, golden yellow.
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Readers will wonder why we can make such a liberal offer. It is done as an advertisement for the Woman's World. Woman's World contains from 25 to 32 pages every issue, printed in colors and handsomely illustrated. It is full of good reading, has many departments for the home, up-to-date fashions and other information which makes it a most valuable publication. The Woman's World has a circulation of over 1,000,000 each issue. We are anxious to reach the 1,500,000 mark, and in order to get a lot of new subscribers we offer these ten bulbs and a year's subscription to Magazine for only 25 cents. Send your name and 25 cents for a year's subscription to the paper which is the WOMAN'S WORLD. Simply state that you want the 25 cents for a year's subscription to the Woman's World and state you desire the ten bulbs and the subscription to the Sunflower Seed. Address WOMAN'S WORLD, SEED DEPARTMENT, CHICAGO, ILL.

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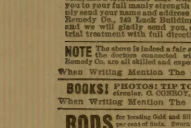

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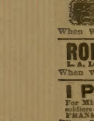
MEN CURED



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siege here, with even the servants under arms much of the time while the British are away," she replied, earnestly.

"Then it would not be safe, you think, for me to openly demand a shelter from him. He would forget that he had ever known me as a lad. They say he stands ready to sacrifice everything he holds dear on the altar of his hatred for the tatterdemalions of Washington, as he calls us."

"Yes, yes, it is all true. He would see thee dragged away to execution with pleasure. His anger has brought out all that was stern and unyielding in my poor uncle. Think not to trust to his mercy. Another will have to take the case in hand, and endeavor to effect thy safety, my friend."

"If you only too willing that it should be yourself. And judging from the noise that comes from below I imagine the time is now short, for already they have drawn a cordon around the house, and some of their number are entering to search, at the invitation, I suppose, of Lucas."

She hearkened to the sounds and then caught his arm with sudden excitement.

"Yes, it is true, and hence it would seem fitting that thou shouldst seek cover without further delay. Come then this way with me, my friend, and may the God of Jacob watch over thee this night."

Roger Hale no longer found regrets welling up in his heart because of the desperate position in which he found himself. Good had placed him. It seemed now as though all this might be but part of a beneficent plan on the part of Providence in order to bring about the reunion with Rebecca, from whom he had parted so many years back after a childish quarrel.

Gladly then he kept hold of her little hand that led him on hurriedly to the rear flight of stairs and along several corridors until finally they paused before a door which a dim light down the hall made visible.

In reality every foot of passageway was well known to Doubtless Hale, there did not seem to be any actual necessity for his finding a guide, but he gave no indication of a protest; it seemed very natural for Rebecca to lead him out of mischief, as she had done many times in the years gone before in connection with his childish pranks.

Thee understands the necessity that persuades me to invite a gentleman to enter the presence of my father, Roger Hale," she said, in a low tone, "for I feel certain that thy life may be the penalty for thy rashness, and though this is the case all else must be brushed aside. Surely the occasion justifies me. Come, then, my friend," and so saying the little Quakeress pushed open the door and led the way across the sacred shrine.

Roger was awed by her solemnity and her devotion. He even felt a little awed at being thus allowed to enter where only man had no right to intrude.

And it seemed but a short time back since he roamed this house at will, a welcome guest, a care-free lad. What wonderful things had come to pass since those days! Upon his young shoulders rested some of the weight that bowed the patriotic Washington down. The future of the beloved colonies—how vague it seemed with powerful enemies invading the home land, and even many of those whom he had once called his friends turned to bitter partisans of the King!

No wonder he seemed to have jumped into manhood at a bound. Those were the days that tried men's souls, and even half-grown lads shouldered a musket in defense of their beloved land.

"Thee will be safe here, I fancy. No matter how strongly they suspect thy presence within the house, they cannot prove it, nor hesitate to invade the room of a girl in search of one of the male sex. There is a chance, however—peradventure they may know whom thou art, and my uncle would gladly sacrifice the ties of friendship existing between us of yore."

"True, true, and if he is as bitter as they say he would have no hesitate to order here himself and betray me," commented Roger, listening while to the sounds that welled up from below, and picturing the soldiers crowding through the door.

He was determined not to be taken alive, knowing the fate awaiting him, and with the sad ending of Nathan Hale ever before his eyes. Nor was he anxious to profane the sanctuary of innocence with brawling and the clash of steel therein.

"Wherefore," continued the Quaker maid, soberly, "it is necessary that thee should be prepared for what might befall us then. Come hither, Roger, and try to imagine that we are children once more, hide-and-seek. It is thy turn to find lodgment in the secret space between the walls—here in the door to my bedroom. Dost remember the secret of the panel?"

"Surely, and depend upon it I shall never while I live forget my devotion, sweet Rebecca. Little do I deserve it after behaving like a churlish boy, and failing in this friendly communion with thee," and this was not the first time he found himself so naturally falling into the old ways of his Friends, intimate association often bringing such about.

"Say no more on that score, for I feel equally guilty, and have often wished it were in my power to make some reparation to thee. Now I must leave thee; but first promise me that under no circumstances wilt thou step forth from thy hiding-place until with my permission. In the words of old, tarry thou till I come," she continued.

"Willingly, for life is at thy disposal, and I think it no task to obey so sweet a mistress," saying which he somehow managed to find one of her little hands again and pressed it to his lips.

Then he heard the swish of her garments and knew that he was alone.

The door closed softly.

Still those below were far from modest in their manners and one could with little effort hear pretty much all that was going on.

Doubtless Master Hezekiah Sprague was more or less dumfounded when he ascertained the cause of all this racket, and that a rebel spy was supposed to have actually sought shelter under his roof.

Indignation, too, must well up in his breast, for it would seem to cast a slur upon his loud-voiced love for the loyalist cause.

Eagerly then would he invite the pursuers to enter his domicile and search it from attic to cellar, with the privilege of running his sword through any who might discover through and through on the spot.

The soldiers went at the sport with zest. It seemed natural for men to take delight in searching the nooks and crannies of so fine a mansion as that of the old Tory, though they had their orders from those in command to respect property under severe penalties.

This would not prevent them from thrusting their bayonets through beds and hanging curtains, under the pretense that the hunt-

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ed spy might be in hiding there, ready to shoot them down on sight. And presently from top to bottom the house resounded with laughter and shouts as they prowled hither and thither, hoping to unearth the sly fox at any moment.

Meanwhile, the proprietor, knowing what was expected of him, entertained the several officers who had joined in the mad chase in the spacious dining-room, and drank success to the King from a bottle of rare vintage.

Hopper, crouching within the confines of the closet, listened to the sounds of the hunt with varying emotions. Now it seemed as though they retreated, becoming distant and less tempestuous. Anon they approached closer, and he anticipated being forced to proceed to extreme measures, though it made him grit his teeth at the prospect of those rude soldiers searching the apartment of Rebecca with their unholy hands.

Closer still came the tumult, the rude laughter, the mocking cries as the searchers mimicked the frightened domestics. Then close by it seemed he caught an exclamation—it was just beyond the closed door, and in a gruff voice—and this was what he heard:

"Here's a den we have yet to examine, comrades, and by my life it is a pretty angel that stands guard at the door. Surely she must be bribed with a kiss to let us pass in."

This story of Revolutionary days, thrilling the reader with dramatic interest as the chapters proceed, will be continued in next week's Ledger. Note the splendid offer of free cameras and pictures which is made to subscribers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

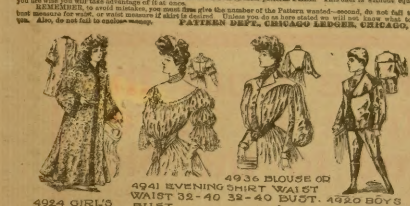
Curtain Lectures.

Her—I understand Miss Strongmind is going to give a series of lectures this winter.

Him—Yes, I guess that's right; at least, she is to be married to young Meeks next month.

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They are all the very latest styles, and are unequaled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and universal economical of time and material. All from the sheets from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. These monthly patterns are given free to every subscriber to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 26 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. At monthly subscription rate the CHICAGO LEDGER and TWO of these patterns FREE. At monthly you are sure you will take advantage of it at once. REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, please write plainly and give us the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give best measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired—third, be sure and state what issue you have this offer in. Also, do not fail to enclose money. PATTERN DEPT. CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.



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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

There was a great philosopher
Lived years and years ago;
And such a merry soul was he
They called him laughing Joe.

For laugh he would throughout the year,
Let things go wrong or right;
Let fortune smile or fortune frown,
His heart was ever light.

And little children every day
Would gather round his place,
To listen to his hearty laugh
Or see his smiling face.

But gloomy-minded people said
They thought it was a shame
A man should be disposed to laugh
At good and bad the same.

At last they gathered in a crowd
And pulled his dwelling down;
They hustled him around the streets
And drove him from the town

To find a home beyond the sea
Upon a foreign strand,
And never dare to set a foot
Upon his native land.

But when they chased him from the realm
Those people little knew
What was one good-natured soul
And smiling face can do.

Now children seeking after Joe
Would round the ruins stray
And grieve because the jovial brave
Their laughing friend away.

And long before a year went by
Those bad-behaving then
Had messengers across the sea
To coax him back again.

And out they ran with princely gifts
To meet him at the shore,
And begged him there to live and laugh
In peace forevermore.

—St. Nicholas.

A Parlor Match Cannon.

To build this rifle gun, you need first of all a glass tube about four inches long and with a diameter of not more than a quarter of an inch. Close one end of it with sealing wax and your rifle barrel is ready. Now whittle a pair of wheels and the gun carriage out of a cigar box. A stout knitting needle or a piece of stiff wire will serve as the axis for the wheels. Bore a piece of cork with a hole large enough to permit you to pass the glass gun through it, and then glue this to the gun carriage, and your rifle cannon is ready for operation.

Drop a parlor match into the glass tube so that it will lie with its head toward the sealed end or breech of the cannon. Then load the cannon with a bullet made by kneading a piece of bread into a pill.

Press this into the muzzle, but be careful not to close the tube hermetically with it. It should be loose enough to permit the match to force its way out.

Aim the cannon now, and then light a second match and hold it under the glass tube, applying it so that the heat shall touch the tube just where the head of the match is. As soon as the glass has become sufficiently hot, the match will explode and fly out of the cannon with a smart report, accompanied by a little cloud of blue smoke.

Be careful to aim the little cannon at something that is not likely to suffer from fire, for the projectile may go as far as twenty-five feet. Don't fire the gun off in a room under any circumstances unless older persons are with you.

A QUESTION.

Little Lucy Locket
She hasn't any pocket—
No place to carry anything at all;
While Lucy's brother Benny
He has so very many
In which to put his marbles, top, or ball,
That when he's in a hurry
"Tis sometimes quite a worry
To find the one he wants among them all.

Now why should Lucy Locket
Not have a little pocket—
A handy little pocket in her dress?
And why should brother Benny,
Who doesn't need so many,
Be favored with a dozen, more or less?
The reason, if you know it,
Be kind enough to show it,
For really 'tis a puzzle, I confess!

How Helen Was Cured.

Helen wasn't a bad girl, but a careless one. Her particular weakness was to put her hands against the walls of the house, and she wasn't at all likely to look first to see whether or not her fingers were quite clean. The consequence was that the wall paper was something to make her mother despair. At last Helen's own room was so bad that it had to be respapered. When it was clean and bright, her mother warned her that punishment would follow if she got three spots on it inside of a month. Helen laughed and said: "Goodness, mummy, you don't think that I'd be so careless as to spoil that beautiful new paper do you?"

But she did spot it, just the same. Before the end of the week there were three big smears, where he had put her hands.

Her mother said: "Very well. You shall be punished."

The next morning when Helen awoke and looked at herself in the glass, she screamed aloud. On her nose was a great round spot of bright blue.

"Yes," said her mother, "that is your punishment. Miss Helen. I painted that on your nose with oil colors, and it won't come off for a few days. By the time it fades, you may have learned something about keeping walls clean."

Helen wept as if her heart was broken, but it did her no good. The paint stuck on four days, and by the end of that time she had learned her lesson.

Dorothy's Dictionary.

Dorothy had driven half the household wild by her attempts to discover the meaning of a word. At last her mother, in despair, took down the big unabridged dictionary and showed it to her. The next day Dorothy was in a strange house, and got into an argument with the youths of the place over the meaning of another word. To convince her that they were right, they pulled out a small school dictionary and showed her the definition.

But if they expected Dorothy to be impressed they were bitterly mistaken.

"Huh!" said she, wrinkling up her nose and mouth in a highly insulting and sarcastic manner. "That dickonnery don't count. That's only one of those old bridge dickshonneries. Wait till you come to my house and I'll show you I'm right with our big unbridged one."

His Definition.

"Jimmy," said the teacher, "what's a cape?"

"A cape is land extending into the water."

"Correct. William define a gulf."

"A gulf is water extending into the land."

"Good. Christopher," to a small, eager-looking boy, "can you tell us what is a mountain?"

Christopher shot up from his seat so suddenly as to startle the visitor, and promptly responded:

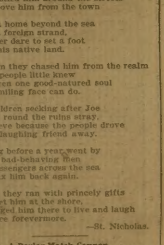
"A mountain is land extending into the air."

DAN'S EVENING THOUGHT.

I wonder why the cats delight
To sit on our back fence and fight.
It seems to me that if I were
Our cat, from home I would not stir.
But ah! I'm glad that I am not
Our cat, but just a little tot.

Quaint Russian Custom.

Eight days after a baby is born in Russia its hair is shaved by a priest. This is snipped off in four places on the top of the head, to form a cross.



Wine from the Tree of Life Free to the Sick

You have no right to be sick any longer. There is a tree which grows near the Atlantic Coast in Georgia and Florida, called the Saw Palmetto, which is really the Tree of Life. It bears a luscious fruit which the people of that region eat with great benefit, and which keeps them in perfect health. It possesses health-giving and life-giving properties which are found in no other product of nature. It builds up the diseased and wasted organs of the human body and establishes perfect health and strength.

From this wonderful fruit is made a wine called

DRAKE'S PALMETTO WINE

which is doing more for the relief of suffering humanity, than perhaps, all other causes and remedies combined.

This great life fluid is not a medicine in any sense of the word, but a pure, strengthening, restoring tonic from Nature's own storehouse, and it acts in Nature's own way. It makes the old young, the sick well, the weak strong. It purifies and enriches the blood, and imparts new life and vigor to every member and organ of the human body. It rebuilds and renews the wasted tissues and puts every part of the system in perfect condition to do its natural work, and thus makes disease impossible.

Drake's Palmetto Wine cures constipation by strengthening and restoring the muscles and tissues which make up and control the intestines and by putting all the digestive organs in healthy condition. It does not irritate and weaken those organs as physics and purgatives do, and thus aggravate the trouble and make a bad matter worse. Its effect is to build up and not to tear down or disease. It cures constipation by putting the digestive organs in condition to overcome it. Such a cure amounts to something—it is perfect and permanent.

Drake's Palmetto Wine thus cures constipation and prevents all the troubles that are caused by constipation, such as biliousness, sick headache, piles, appendicitis, feverish conditions and other dangerous and distressing diseases. It likewise cures the diseases of the other vital organs in exactly the same way—by building up and renewing the tissues of those organs and giving them health and strength to perform their normal functions.

Indigestion and all stomach troubles, the torpid, sluggish liver, kidney and bladder troubles, nervous weakness and decay in men and women, all female diseases and weaknesses, catarrh and all catarrhal diseases, diseases of the blood, all nervous disorders and affections, and, in fact, all weakened and run down conditions of the human system are immediately relieved and quickly cured in a natural, safe and positive way by Drake's Palmetto Wine.

Before you read another word we want you to know what Drake's Palmetto Wine will do for you. We have thousands of unsolicited testimonial letters from former sufferers all over the land showing what it has done for them; but we want to prove to you at our own expense just what it will do for you in your own particular and individual case. We want you to send your name and address today and we will send you, charges prepaid,

A FREE BOTTLE

of this wonderful, life-giving wine in order that you may test its great merits and see for yourself that it will restore you to health and strength and happiness if you will use it for a short time. We do this to show you our good faith and absolute confidence in this wonderful product of nature, for

Here are a few testimonial letters from thousands in our possession. Some of these may interest you if you are afflicted as these people were, before they found relief and health in this great restorative.

IS SURE IT SAVED HER LIFE

Escanaba, Mich., Nov. 28th, 1904.

Gentlemen:—I have used, and now use your medicine for sometime. I have also ordered it for several friends and they have used it too highly. I feel sure that it has saved my life. I was taken sick and suffered from stomach and kidney trouble. I started in bed. I was under the doctor's care for 9 had become discouraged. I was given up by my family. A friend gave me a small bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine, which so benefited me that I sent at once for more, and today I feel like a new woman. I have gained about thirty pounds. I would not be without it in my home. Drake's Palmetto Wine is the best medicine I ever took. I wish all suffering women knew what it has done for me.

Your friend, MRS. A. B. WILLIAMS.

A GRATEFUL WOMAN

Staunton, Ind., Jan. 9th, 1905.

Gentlemen:—I wish to tell my great benefit to other women to know what I have gained by the use of Drake's Palmetto Wine. For the last eight years I have used every kind of medicine I could hear of, and had given up hope, until I saw your offer in the paper of a free trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine, and decided I would try it. My husband, who is a merchant, got me four bottles. I have taken two bottles, and I feel better than I have for eight or nine years. I have nothing but praise for your Palmetto Wine. I am very thankful to you for the good it has done me, and to any one who is sick, I tell them to take Drake's Palmetto Wine. I thought your offer was fair.

MRS. W. L. LEONARD.

CURED OF TUBERCULOSIS

Rector, Ark., April 7th, 1904.

Gentlemen:—Drake's Palmetto Wine is the greatest medicine on earth. I feel that it has cured me of tuberculosis and diarrhoea which the doctors claimed was incurable. My bowels are now regular. I suffered with digestive, weak stomach and nervousness.

Respectfully yours, PHIL. A. RAFF.

SHE FEELS 20 YEARS YOUNGER

Sioux City, Ia., Dec. 14th, 1904.

Gentlemen:—My wife has been afflicted for over five years with an attack of the head, stomach, and bladder; suffering almost constantly, and being unable at times to perform her household duties. When I saw your advertisement in the Commoner, I procured one bottle of the "Wine." The relief it gave was simply wonderful, almost and remarkable. She has taken three bottles now and is completely cured. She feels twenty years younger, although she is now fifty-six years of age.

I myself was a sufferer from indigestion.

Drake's Palmetto Wine is for sale by druggists at 75 cents a bottle—the usual dollar size. We would much prefer, however, that you send to us for a free bottle and try it at our expense before purchasing.

If you are suffering from constipation or any bowel trouble, indigestion or any stomach trouble, torpid liver, kidney or bladder trouble, catarrh, nervous decline or weakness, female complaint or any run-down or weakened condition of the vital organs, write today and get the free test bottle of this great restorative which is sure to bring you health and strength if you give it a chance.

THE DRAKE CO., 962 DRAKE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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